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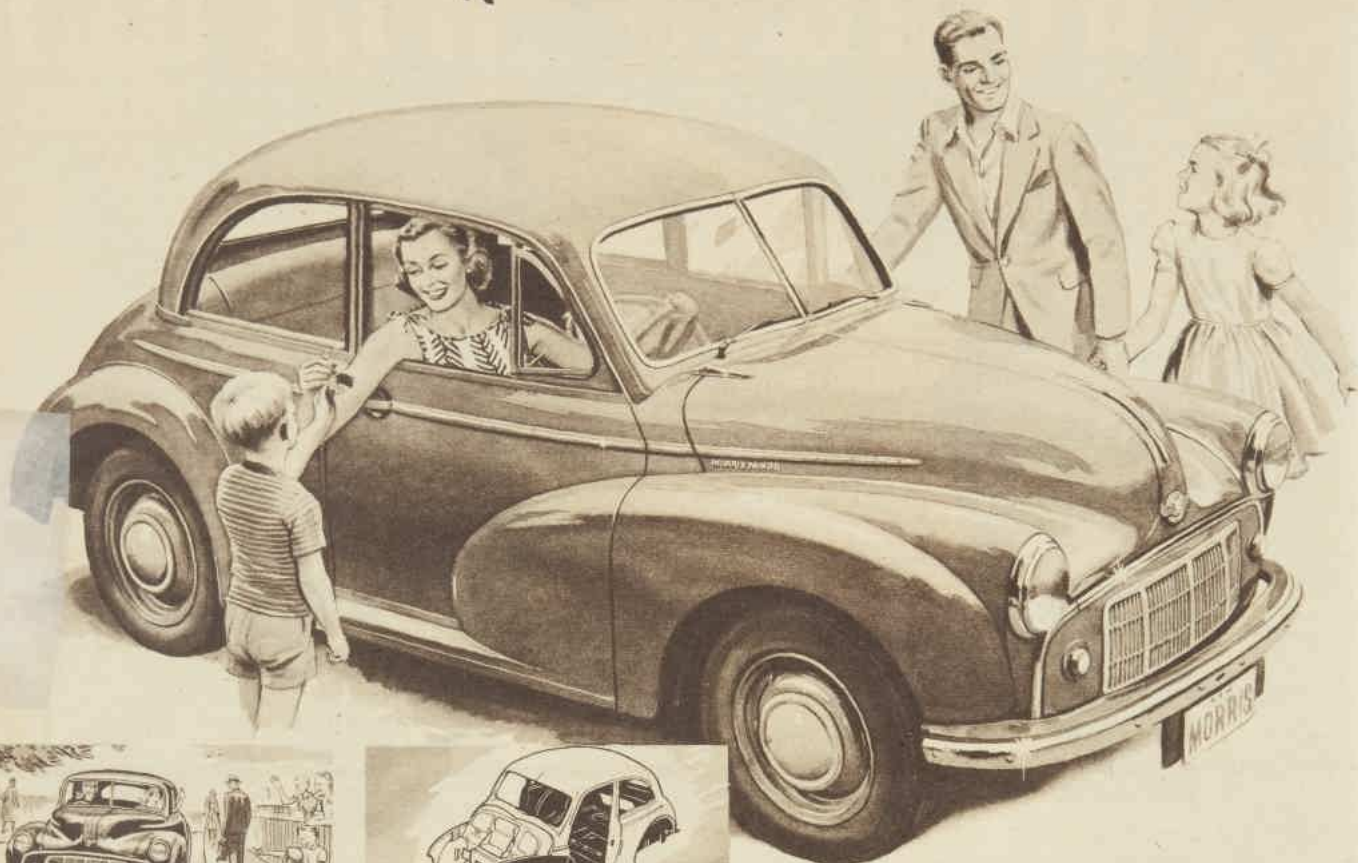
WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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Lucy

AND THE BACHELORS

The supreme test came when they went home to meet her family . . .

WHEN Jeremy Adams saw Lucy walk into the office the first time, he looked up from his typewriter, sat for a frozen minute with his fingers on the keys, and listened to his heart tap out a message.

It said, his heart did, "There she is. There's the one. At last."

As she passed the little cubbyhole where the features editor sat with his shoes up on the desk and his head tilted back to paint words on the ceiling, the sound of her heels, rhythmic, gaily tapping, brought his chin down. His feet came down with a thump, too.

His name was Tom Stevens, which looked very nice under the articles he turned out so effortlessly. His thought, probably for the first time, was synonymous with a thought of Jeremy Adams.

He thought, "Jumping, two-headed, dancing Jehoshaphats—there's my girl."

Lucy went on down the corridor to the managing editor's office, unaware of the palpitations behind her. Lucy Atwood didn't understand about palpitations. Not at the time, that is. She was a very serious-minded young woman, with a soft leather camera case slung over her shoulder and a purpose in life.

That purpose, at the moment, was to get a job on this newspaper.

The job was hers by the time a broad young man with a slight frown above his level blue eyes walked into the office.

The managing editor looked up from Lucy's prints, spread neatly out on his desk.

"Yes, Adams?" he asked.

The broad young man had a good level voice that suited his eyes.

"I thought you might want to have a final look at these editorials, J.D.," he suggested.

"Drop 'em, drop 'em," the managing editor answered.

The man named Adams dropped them. He stood uncertainly for a moment.

J.D. looked up. "Well?" he began. "Oh," he added. "This is Miss Atwood, Adams. Going to try having a woman photographer for a change. First-rate photographs."

The young man's face turned a light on somewhere. "How do you do?" he queried politely. He had very nice teeth.

Lucy smiled back. Behind the shoulder of Adams appeared a long dark face, sulky, shadowed, and definitely exciting.

"How do you spell onomatopoeia?" he asked. He leaned against the doorway, then sauntered over to the desk, picked up a photograph and dropped it.

"I'm not a walking dictionary," J.D. snapped. He seemed to be losing control. "Look, what's all this in aid of? Proof that doesn't have to be read till the day after to-morrow. Words to be spelt that the dictionary bores. Get out, will you?"

The dark face moved its body closer to Lucy. "He doesn't mean a word of it," a voice like black velvet assured her. "I'm Tom Stevens, and I'll wait outside for you. Perhaps you can tell me about onomatopoeia." He turned and walked lazily away, cutting a wide path round Jeremy Adams.

Lucy laughed. She turned back to J.D. "Then I'm to start on Monday," she said happily. "I've really had quite a lot of ex-

perience. You can telephone the agency if you like, and—"

J.D. beamed. "I trust my judgment." He stood up. Lucy stood up, too. J.D.'s hand was tender on hers. He had white hair in a ruff round a pink, bald spot. Lucy could see it quite clearly. She was a tall girl and J.D. was a very short man.

In the doorway she hoisted her camera case on to one shoulder and bumped into Jeremy Adams.

"I'm sorry," she said kindly, looking right at him.

His fair skin flushed quickly. He said, "May I buy you a cup of coffee?"

The dark voice said, "Champagne, Adams. Something sparkling and delicate and delightful to celebrate this wonderful moment."

They both turned to watch the long dark

At last, Lucy had achieved her ambition. The job of a newspaper photographer was hers.

shadow emerge from the corridor's deeper shadows.

Lucy said, "How sweet of you! Are all newspaper people so friendly?"

Jeremy frowned. "I really ought to warn you about J.D."

Tom suggested, "Warn her about me, Jeremy. Go on. It can't help but boost my stock."

Jeremy looked round her at Tom. "Yes," he said. "I ought to. I ought to warn her about me, too, as a matter of fact."

Lucy stepped forth. "This is going too fast for me," she remarked decisively. "In daylight, in a place as busy as this, and with my

health and strength I'm sure to be safe from all of you. Good-bye."

There was something about the way she pattered off that held them both spellbound. When the last flick of her ankle had disappeared round the corner a gust of sighs blew little dust motes down the corridor.

"There," Tom meditated, "is a honey."

"There," Jeremy echoed, "is a real woman."

They nodded simultaneously and went back to their staring and typing.

Lucy went down in the lift and elation prickled at her like pin points. It was a day, it really was. All of the years of learning how, of saving for equipment and trying her hand at freelance. And now, security. Promise for to-morrow. If you make good.

It's hard to describe a girl like Lucy Atwood. She wasn't pretty as a picture, not even a modernistic one. There was something careless about her, and something terribly straightforward. You know where you stand, that kind of thing.

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

By Charlotte Edwards

Here's News...

Lullaby IS BACK AGAIN!

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Yes, for the first time in years, mothers can count on getting the supplies of Lullaby flannelette they need. Once again their kiddies will enjoy the wonderful warm cosiness that only Lullaby can give. Lovely Lullaby with its designs as gay as gaiety itself... cosy Lullaby to nestle fairy-soft against chubby limbs... wonder-wearing Lullaby that washes and washes, yet stays soft, fresh and lovely to look at. Lullaby for everyone... tots, teenagers and grown-ups with the love of really cosy comfort. Ask for Lullaby today!

POTTERS

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THE FINEST YET IN FLANNELETTE



Lucy and the Bachelors

Continued from page 3

ENJOYING the feeling of the spring breeze against her face, Lucy walked down the street and found a phone box and dialled a number.

"June," she cried, "I got the job! I'll be home every week-end and we can all have a wonderful summer."

Tom asked her, after a month, "Where do you disappear to every week-end, Cinderella? Why can't I ever show you the really exquisite excitement of a Saturday night in town?"

Lucy looked at him, at the way the lights of the candles moved over his face. She listened to the voice of the music, low, persuading, and suited to Tom and this place.

"Glamor," she stated definitely. "That's it. You have glamor."

Tom laughed as easy and soft as his voice. "I eat it," he agreed. "Soft lights, insinuating music, a girl like you."

He seemed to lose himself in delight, following with his personal eyes the curve of Lucy's eyebrows, the set of her chin, the round of her throat, and the creamy elegance of her bare shoulders above the simple black dress. He sighed happily.

"This is for me," he went on. "A new place every night—"

Lucy asked, "A new girl?"

He shook his head. "For once his eyes slid past hers and lost a little of their gay intensity. "One girl," he said quietly. "Let's dance."

They did. They did a great deal of dancing—and meeting people who also did a great deal of dancing. They went to the latest, lightest, brightest plays. They muddled their way through the clamor of cocktail parties, had midnight drives by the river, and sometimes Tom kissed Lucy good-night. It was as gay and meaningless as everything else they did.

"Fun for a change," Lucy warned herself, thinking of the earnest hours behind her. "Not for a moment to be taken seriously, mind you, Lucy Atwood."

Sometimes she thought of herself as a chameleon, a queer, fickle thing of changing colors. Because on the nights, the many nights, that she went out with Jeremy Adams, there was no sign of the bare-shouldered girl with the turned-up mouth and the taunting eyes.

There was, instead, a young lady of tailored blouse and trim suit, who leaned her elbows on the table, propped her chin on her hands, and regarded Jeremy Adams with great respect.

"You are so understanding," he told her. "Lucy, I've never known anyone I could talk to as I do to you. Any girl, I mean."

She smiled a slow, wise smile. "You have so much to give, Jeremy," she said. "Your ideas really do interest me, you know."

"It's a theory of mine," he went on contentedly, "that the search for a lasting happiness"

Their ideas meshed and added themselves to one another. They walked through the parks in the new spring, and went to art galleries and museums. Sometimes they went to concerts, or ate in

small but hidden restaurants where the food was rich but inexpensive.

Once Lucy asked Jeremy, "Has Tom got an independent income?"

Jeremy's mouth tightened as it did whenever Tom was mentioned. "No," he answered. He lit a cigarette. "Tom, my dear, is an orphan. A poor orphan now, but brought up to luxury. Family travelled everywhere. Dozens of different schools. That sort of thing." He looked at her. "Why?"

"It's just that he's so extravagant," she murmured.

Jeremy sat up a little straighter. "And I," he said with dignity, "am so mean."

Lucy shook her head, surprised. "No—"

"Would you like me better if I showered you with gardenias? And splattered champagne all over you?" She shook her head again, watching the blaze in his blue eyes.

Jeremy lowered his voice. "We lived in an old farmhouse in the West Country. We moved in when Christmas had a nice, crunchy sound of snow and a rich, fruity taste."

Lucy looked at him and thought, you darling. She said, "And when spring came, the trees couldn't wait to show off their wares. And in the summer you went barefoot and the grass tickled your ankles and the sun baked your toes brown."

Jeremy leaned towards her. "That's what I'm saving for, Lucy," he whispered. "It's worth giving up a gardenia now and then—"

Lucy said, "It's worth giving up a lot, Jeremy."

JEREMY put his hand on hers. Just the touch was more serious than Tom's kiss. "I knew you would feel like that," he beamed. "I knew it."

That night Jeremy kissed her. It was a dedicated sort of thing, warm but controlled.

In the daytime they all worked together on the paper. Lucy began to feel comfortable, sure of herself and her camera. Sometimes she went out with Tom when he was out on a story, holding her breath as his long car raced its way there and back, taking the pictures he told her to, laughing at his joyously cynical attitude towards the paper, the stories, the people, the world.

And every week-end she took the train home, her week's salary safe in her bag, her mind busy with what they should do with the money.

June loved the tales of Tom and Jeremy. "It's like a fairy story," she chuckled. "Lucy and the Bachelors."

Lucy embroidered the edges of her doings sometimes for June.

It was June who pleaded to see Jeremy.

"It must be so hot in town," she said. "And you say he's homesick for something real. And we have real things. And anyhow, he sounds so nice."

Lucy stared into space, letting the shade of the old tree seep into her warm skin. "Don't you like the sound of Tom?" she asked casually.

June said, "He'd take you

away. Or go away himself. Jeremy is the good one."

So when Jeremy said, "It's such an exceptional concert, Lucy. I do wish you could give up your secret week-end excursions and come with me. I've got the tickets—" Lucy interrupted him.

"You come with me, Jeremy," she suggested suddenly. "I only go home, you know. No crunchy snow at this time of year. But I can promise you the sunshine and the trees—"

He stopped her with a quick hand on her arm. "Do you mean it?" he asked excitedly. "Am I going to meet your family?"

She smiled at him. "It doesn't mean what it did in grandmother's day, you know."

He nodded. "Oh, yes, it does. Indeed it does." He let go of her hand and cried, "Wait till I tell Tom."

Tom followed her into the lift on Friday night. He looked tired, as dark men so often do when the neatness of their morning shave wears off.

He said, "Jeremy tells me you two are off on a bucolic jaunt come to-morrow morning."

Lucy said, "How do you know it's bucolic?"

He shrugged. "Where can you go to get away from town except out—"

They went together into the hot, beating sunshine and the streets that felt melted and uncertain to their feet.

Tom screwed up his eyes. "We could find somewhere cool and get our breaths and then dance a little—"

Lucy said, "No, thank you. Not to-night. I have a lot to do." Suddenly she touched his sleeve. "You look so tired, Tom. As if all the late hours had caught up with you."

He straightened his shoulders. "Me? Tired? Never say the word. And I was born for the middle of the night."

"And the food," Lucy went on quietly. "You live on lobster and pate de something. You need a boiled egg and nothing with it but brown bread and butter."

His laugh was wholehearted and gay.

"So if you'd like to"—she paused—"I know it isn't your sort of thing. It will be dull, but if you'd like to—"

"If you're asking me to go home with you to-morrow—even with Jeremy—I'm saying yes. Before you change your mind. You need a chaperon with that earnest type—"

"We'll be chaperoned," she promised. "Never fear. We'll be chaperoned."

They met at the station. At first it was fun and then it grew less so.

She glanced at Tom. He looked bored and restless, his eyes focused unseeing on the passing fields.

"You can always take the afternoon train back, Tom," she said helpfully.

His look, when it swung to hers, was baleful. "Or Jeremy can," he said darkly.

Jeremy said calmly. "Now look here, Tom. If anybody has the right to be annoyed—I'm the one. After all, Lucy asked me—"

Lucy laughed, feeling better. "Perhaps you'll both want to take the first train back," she suggested. "And I asked you both."

Please turn to page 33

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Standing back, Martin observed the tall stranger. He seemed to be buying quite a stock of provisions.

THE RED CENTRE

By FRANK NUNN

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MARTIN looked down at Dawn with interest. "How's that?" he asked. "Is Connors satisfied with his case now or is he starting afresh somewhere else?" She shook her head. "I don't think it's anything fresh. He told me the security officers at the rocket range wanted a talk with him and he was flying over in the morning. Then he's going on to Adelaide."

"So that's the set-up," Martin said. Connors could be taking him along, of course, Martin thought, but it looked as if the detective was transferring his attentions to other angles, which suggested he was still not certain enough to make an arrest.

"Are the others going too?" "I don't know about Sergeant Peters, but I'll be going."

"You?" That left him feeling flat. "I mean I'll be going to Port Pirie with the doctor. That's where father is being buried temporarily."

There was silence again. Martin wondered what her plans would be after that, but could not bring himself to ask. But presently she was telling him about her immediate plans as if he had a right to know.

"I'm coming back here to-morrow night. The doctor is flying me back."

He was surprised and pleased, but he said, in conflict with his pleasure, "Once you got out of here, I'd have thought you wouldn't want to return."

"But I feel I should. And Mr. Connors agrees. Just in case Peter Holt comes around. I'm the only one who could identify him, you see."

"But there's me," he corrected her. "I saw him too."

She said quickly, "Only in the dark. He might pass you in the day and you wouldn't recognise him."

"I'd know him," Martin said grimly. "I dream about him. Look what's happening to me because of him. I'd pick him in a million."

"We've talked it over," Dawn said. "I'll stay on the train now until we reach Port Pirie. After that—"

She didn't finish it. It was as far as her plans went, too. There was a further silence.

They rounded the top of the lake and struck out towards the lights of the station. The night was cool, but the loose stones and the salt bush made the walk hard.

"You just don't seem to get anywhere," Martin observed, "on the desert."

He looked back and a long way off there was a string of lights suspended above the desert level. That was the train.

The cement-block store close to the tracks had been opened for the passengers. There were some in there making purchases. Dawn bought soap and toothpaste; Martin wanted nothing and stood back, watching the other passengers do their shopping.

He did not recognise any of the customers; they were apparently second-class passengers or local residents seizing the opportunity of making some late purchases. They were buying biscuits, cake, bottles of soft drink, and tinned goods.

One of them, a tall man in khaki shirt, trousers, and tan shoes all showing the dust of the desert, was buying quite a stock of provisions.

He was evidently a stranger, Martin thought, observing him, because none of the others spoke to him. He was whistling softly some catchy tune.

Martin took Dawn's parcel as they left the store. She suggested they should rest on a bench on the station before returning to the train.

Although the traffic along the railway was at a standstill there were plenty of people standing around gossiping. A long standing social custom of meeting trains could not be easily broken by the absence of trains. Martin held the parcel in his hand, looking from it to Dawn. She had settled back and was watching the people idly.

When she caught his eye she straightened up. "I was out of everything I bought. Really," she said quickly.

"I don't know," Martin said, frowning deeply. "It looks to me as if you wanted the exercise badly or wanted me over here." He laid the parcel on the bench and looked at her accusingly, "What's it all about?"

She relaxed and shrugged. "You're much too smart. I'll have to tell you now, I suppose."

"You certainly will." "It's Peter Holt again. An idea I got. Probably it won't sound very sensible to you."

"Let's hear it," he commanded. For a moment, a little of the grimness seemed to lift from between them. It wouldn't last very long, he knew, but while it was gone everything was different.

Dawn was saying, "If Peter Holt was on the train and dropped off before dawn what has happened to him? He was either picked up by a plane or he kept walking. Well, I've been working out mileage and time, and if he walked four miles an hour during dark and part of daylight he could have reached here by now. He wouldn't know about the flood, so he'd come here with the idea of jumping another freight. He'd also want provisions."

Martin nodded approvingly. He said,

YOUNG geologist MARTIN STEWART is under suspicion of murdering the distinguished scientist PROFESSOR STOREY, who was stabbed to death aboard the Transcontinental train while it is crossing the Nullarbor Plain.

Martin boarded the train unexpectedly at a water-stop after a jaunting inland holiday, guided by STEVE BOCK and BILL RANDELL. He was allotted to the Professor's compartment, but shortly after entering it discovered that the apparently sleeping Professor was actually dead.

INSPECTOR CONNORS arrives with FLYING DOCTOR GAWLER to assist CONSTABLE LACEY in inquiries while the train is held up by heavy rains.

Suspicion points also to a man who borrowed matches from Martin while he waited for his train, and whom DAWN STOREY, the Professor's attractive daughter, identifies as PETER HOLT, a Russian buyer connected with a previous attempt on the Professor's life.

Dawn assures Martin that she does not suspect him. Walking with him in the evening from the stranded train, she surprises him by saying she thinks Inspector Connors will soon be leaving. NOW READ ON:

"That's smart. Did Connors like it?"

"I haven't seen him since I started working out the mileages on a time-table from the observation car." She added, "I think we can take care of it ourselves now, don't you?"

He liked that idea even better. It gave him status. He said, "Incidentally, what is Connors doing about Holt himself? I mean, along those lines?"

"I don't know," she said. "Honestly."

"Okay. So the idea is to sit here and watch the people?"

"I don't want you to watch," she said. "That's why I didn't tell you the reason for coming here. You don't know Holt's features like I do and you might look too hard."

He grinned. "So I just completely ignore everybody while you watch? Okay."

"But it's only a chance," Dawn said soberly. "And because I'm here waiting for it to come off shows that I believe Peter Holt was on the sheep train."

Martin stopped grinning. He looked out across the tracks to the stockyard where there was a light burning. That reminder, strangely, gave him less pleasure than her gesture of belief and trust. There was something in it that rang falsely.

Please turn to page 40



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I'll wait for you

By John Tait

MRS. ROBERTS, owner of the Seaview Hotel, raised her eyes from the register. "Well, Mike Wayne! No wonder your face seemed familiar! What are you doing here?"

"Well," Mike said, "having made my fortune, I decided to come down and look up my old flames."

"You're too late for that, I'm afraid, Mike," chuckled Mrs. Roberts. "They're probably old married women by this time."

"What about Peggy Matthews?" Mike asked.

"Peggy Matthews — she's Peggy Graham now," Mrs. Roberts shook her head. "Such a sad thing, losing her mother just a month after she married Alan Graham."

"That short, stocky little chap with a moustache?" Mike asked incredulously.

"That's him," Mrs. Roberts smiled. "It was a big surprise to everyone when Alan married."

"I should think so," Mike said with disgust. "Why, he's old!"

Peggy Matthews! He could still see her so clearly—a gay, laughing slip of a thing with sparkling brown eyes and dark, tumbling curls. That last summer he had been down here they had knocked around together, drawn to each other by a new and mutual attraction. But they had both been so young then Mike had felt there was plenty of time for saying how he had felt about her.

The day he left for home he had been both pleased and embarrassed to find Peggy at the station to say good-bye.

"Well, so long, Infant," he had said, pausing at the carriage door. "I'll be seeing you next summer, then, Mike?" she had asked.

"I wouldn't count on it, Infant. It looks as if it'll be a long time before you see me again."

"Oh, I hope not, Mike! But how ever long it is, I'll wait for you."

It was this last speech that had been his outstanding memory of her all through the succeeding years.

"And now she's married," he thought, with regret. "I wonder how she turned out, anyway?"

The next day Mike sat in a borrowed rowing boat, trying to catch some fish. Suddenly his eye was caught by something bobbing on the water—a girl was coming towards him with leucis strokes. She came on steadily until she was a few feet from the boat.

"Give me a hand, Mike," she panted.

Her hand closed on one of his and she climbed, dripping, into the boat and dropped on to the stern seat.

"Thanks," she gasped. "I was getting tired."

Then, as she pulled off her bathing-cap and shook out her dark, glossy tresses in the sunlight, recognition flashed on him.

"Peggy!" It was unbelievable what time had done to the leggy little

sprite he had once known. She was lovely, breath-taking. "Why were you swimming right out here?"

"I was coming to see you, of course. Alan didn't want me to come, but I just couldn't wait."

He made no reply. It was as if she had dashed cold water in his face. Just for those few seconds of meeting he had forgotten that she was married, that she was for ever out of his reach.

"It's been a long time, Mike." Her voice came softly, and he glanced at her. She was watching him, her great dark eyes warm, almost caressing. "Mike, why didn't you come to see me as soon as you arrived?"

"I should have, shouldn't I? Alan would have been so pleased," he said coldly.

"Well, he wouldn't have minded, if that's what you're suggesting. In fact, I'm sure he'd have made you very welcome."

"The broad-minded type, eh?"

"It isn't broad-mindedness. It's just that he's too intelligent to be possessive, and too kind to want to deprive me of friends of my own age. He's awfully good to me, Mike."

"He ought to be." He began to haul in his line, not looking at her.

There was a silence as he hauled in the anchor and began to pull back to the shore. But all the time he could feel her eyes on him.

What on earth was she staring at? He thought, taking refuge in hostility. And then, in the act of glancing around to get his bearings, he let his eyes slide across her face, and for an instant met reproach in hers.

His former hostility took shape in resentment. What was her idea, anyway? Did she think he was the kind of chap to fool around with another man's wife?

The boat slid alongside the harbor wall, and as they stepped ashore he saw a stocky, middle-aged man coming towards them. He recognised Alan Graham, a little stouter than he had been, a little grayer.

Peggy beckoned to him and, as he came over, she said, "Remember him now, Alan?" she asked.

"Yes, now that I see him." Alan offered a square, tanned hand. "How are you, Mike?"

"Fine, thanks." Mike held the hand briefly and then dropped it. "How are you?"

"Not bad for an old fellow." Alan's keen eyes were examining him with interest. "You have changed a good deal since I saw you last. How long are you going to stay, Mike?"

"Just till to-night's train."

He heard Peggy give a little gasp, and he glanced at her. She was staring at him with wide, hurt-filled eyes.

"That's too bad, Mike," Alan was saying. "We were hoping to have you as our guest for a while. There's plenty of room at the house."

"Sorry. Thanks just the same, though," Mike said.

"Well, at least you'll be able to



ILLUSTRATED BY

Mike heard footsteps, then Peggy's voice calling, "I thought I'd find you here."

have dinner with us. Your train doesn't leave till ten."

"Sorry, I'm afraid I can't. Calls to make, you know. Which reminds me—I'd better get started." Then he wheeled away from their surprised faces and strode off up the cobbled road.

Mrs. Roberts was at her usual place when he walked into the hotel. He went over to her.

"I'm leaving on the ten o'clock train to-night," he said. "How much do I owe you, including dinner?"

She looked at him for a moment with mingled curiosity and concern. "What's wrong, Mike? What happened?" she asked.

"Nothing at all. What do I owe you?"

"I'm sorry to say it isn't much, Mike," she said, pulling open the card-index drawer. "And not because of the money, either."

AFTER dinner Mike put his suitcase on the bed and was dropping things into it when someone tapped at the door.

The door opened and Alan Graham walked in. His eyes went from Mike to the suitcase. "Packing, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," Mike watched him stonily, waiting.

"It's a big disappointment to Peggy, you know," Alan said.

"No, I didn't know."

"Well, it is, Mike." Alan was stuffing tobacco into his pipe. "Probably I shouldn't say this, but Peggy's a little more than fond of you."

Mike was silent. "I was talking to Mrs. Roberts on the way in. She tells me you came here intending to stay a week or two. Look, my boy," Alan said. "Let's put our cards on the table. Just why are you leaving like this?"

Something in Mike snapped.

"All right, I'll tell you. I'm leaving because I'm in love with Peggy. So now you know!"

Alan nodded calmly.

"I rather thought so. But that still doesn't explain your leaving. The

logical thing, it seems to me, would be for you to stay."

Mike stared at him.

"I don't quite understand you. I should think you'd be only too glad to get rid of me."

"So I would, in one way — extremely glad. But at the same time I hate to see Peggy unhappy."

"You're beginning to sound as if you wouldn't mind losing Peggy."

"Don't be a young ass!" Alan said sharply. "You know I'd mind—mind like the dickens. She's about all I've got." He smiled crookedly. "But you know how it is, Mike. Youth calls to youth."

"Is that so?" Mike was suddenly angry. "Well, understand this once and for all. I'm not a wife stealer!"

Alan's pipe stopped suddenly, halfway on its way to his mouth, and he looked up with a curious fixity in his eyes.

"You know," he said after a moment, "you won't believe me, but that's an angle I hadn't thought of. You'd never come between a man and his wife, would you, Mike?"

He got up suddenly and went to the door.

"Well, that's that!" he said, with something between relief and triumph in his voice. "Good-bye, Mike. You're a good, decent chap, and I'm glad to know you."

Mike shrugged as Alan went out, and turned back to his packing.

It was only a little after eight when, his packing finished, Mike wandered restlessly out of the hotel and along the darkening roadway down to the harbor wall, killing time until his train was due.

He had finished his cigarette and was lighting another one when he heard the sound of footsteps.

Like a spectre in the gathering dusk a girl was coming towards him. The quick, light patter of her footsteps slowed and came to a stop beside him.

"Hallo! I thought this would be where I'd find you." Without waiting for a reply she sat down beside him, close beside him, and his nails bit into his palms. "Isn't it nice here, Mike? So quiet and peaceful."

"It was," he said bitterly.

She made no reply, and there was

a long silence, heavy and charged with emotion. It began to oppress him.

"Mike." There was a quiet insistence in her voice that made him turn his head. She was watching him, her face grave, but with a smile lurking in her eyes. "I've just left Alan. He told me everything."

Anger at Alan blazed up in him.

"All right," he said harshly. "He told you. So what?"

"So I'm very happy, Mike. And terribly surprised. Imagine your thinking I was married to Alan."

"Thinking you were?" He stared at her. "I know you are. Mrs. Roberts said so."

"No, Mike." She shook her head. "She couldn't have. You must have misunderstood her. It was Mother who married Alan."

"Your mother..." His voice was strangled. He was silent and then he stammered: "But she said you were Peggy Graham now."

"I am, Mike. Alan adopted me when he married Mother."

"But all this Alan said about hating to lose you... you were all he had..."

"Well, he doesn't want to lose me. You see, when Mother died Alan insisted on my making my home with him, and in return I've tried to give him companionship and make him comfortable. But, as I told you this afternoon, he would never think of standing in the way of my happiness."

And suddenly it was as if it were another time and another place and she were another person.

"Then you did wait for me," he said with wonderment in his voice. "You actually waited — all those years."

"Yes, Mike." She glanced at him. "And if it comes to that," she said with a little quivering laugh, "I'm still waiting."

(Copyright)

The Socks of Mr. Potterhew



HUMMING contentedly as he washed out two pairs of socks, Mr. Andrew Potterhew finally wrung them with the gentle art of long practice, then padded across his room to the balcony where the glass doors stood open. There was a small wooden table outside, standing in a patch of sunshine, where he carefully spread out the socks to dry.

It was against the rules of their landlady, Mrs. Watts, to hang them over the balcony—a rule with which he was in hearty agreement. With his and Mr. Smithers' "smalls"—to say nothing of Miss Marsden's and Mrs. Watts—all draped out of windows of The Hollies, why, the place would have looked dreadful. And Mr. Potterhew knew all about dreadful-looking places.

His last room, in London, had faced straight on to a modern block of flats with no rules about drying laundry, and he had become sick and tired—though reluctantly admiring—of the everlasting washing and undoubted cleanliness of its inhabitants.

In London, however, it hadn't mattered very much. Somehow the washing had gone with the surroundings; even, indeed, added a touch of color sometimes to the grey pavements and the grey buildings, and to the trees which, promising green and lovely in spring, inevitably, as the summer advanced, turned grey to match.

Here, in Little Mattermorn, it was all quite different, utterly and completely and still bewilderingly different to Mr. Potterhew. Here the first promise of spring blossomed gloriously into a variety of greens that rippled from light to dark beneath the stroking hand of the wind.

Here fields were gold with buttercups and starred with daisies, while dog roses picked out the hedgerows with fragile jewels of pink and white. Here honeysuckle was like twining sunlight, and the earth gave up a rich and pungent fragrance after a shower of rain that reminded him, idiotically, of rich fruit-cake.

Here, indeed, on this very morning, little white clouds frisked across the blue sky like lambs plump with wool. Somewhere a cock crowed, while from the distance came the lowing contentment of cows.

Andrew Potterhew grinned to himself, words from one of his sister's letters echoing in his mind. "But the country's so quiet!" Nora had written.

Quiet! What with the dogs, the cats, the poultry, and the cattle, it was almost noisier than town! A different kind of noise, of course. Why, even the night, when it was still and deep, held sounds that had at first kept him awake

—the owls that cut the silence with sudden cry, the wind in the trees, the intangible whisperings of a wild life that awoke when domestic life went to sleep.

"How you can dig up your roots and start this—this odd sort of life (and at your age, too!)—I just can't imagine," Nora had added.

Roots! thought Mr. Potterhew now. But even that had been his trouble. He had never had any roots or, if he had, the pavements of a vast city prevented their going very deep. But here, in Little Mattermorn, he could feel them going down and down, holding and binding him in a happiness he had never before known.

Of course, he was lucky. Not only in reading and answering that advertisement—"Room for retired gentleman in large country house. Good plain cooking"—but also in finding such a friend as Mr. Smithers across the landing.

Mr. Smithers wrote books and articles on country life. He initiated Mr. Potterhew into his new surroundings, competed with him in solving the crossword puzzle in the morning paper, instructed him in the gentle art of dart throwing at the local inn, and took him off—sometimes with a bevy of children from the village school—on rambles that brought them home tired, hungry, and so grubby that Mr. Potterhew and Mr. Smithers were a serious strain on the hot-water system.

"Wait till the winter comes," Nora warned. "When it's cold and wet and muddy. What will you do with your-

self then?" And she added: "You do know, of course, that you will still be welcome here with us in Liverpool?"

But, unlike life with Nora in Liverpool, winter held no fears for Mr. Potterhew. He saw it all as a Christmas card come true—snow-laden trees with, of course, a robin singing in the branches.

"No one of your own kith and kin near you," Nora persevered in the written battle. "No one" to think about except yourself isn't good for anyone."

If "selfish" hadn't looked so outspoken in black and white no doubt she would have added the word. But, as her brother knew full well, she still hoped to bully him into coming to her and into sharing the expenses of her house in Liverpool with her three unprepossessing daughters who vied, in noisy heaviness, with the traffic that passed unceasingly outside her door.

Well, "No one of your own kith and kin near" was true enough, and, guiltily, he was grateful. But "No one to think about except yourself!" wasn't true at all. There was Mary Marsden.

Mary was the librarian in Little Mattermorn, travelling to and from The Hollies on a bicycle that looked as neat and as efficient as herself. With her curling brown hair, her wide grey eyes fringed with black lashes, she reminded him, with a

poignancy mellowed by the years to a gentle sweetness, of his wife, Janet.

His own daughter might have looked like Mary—had she and Janet lived; and now, through the memories she brought to him of his long-past romance and sorrow, he found in her a deep and personal interest. Particularly where Mary and young Doctor Hartley were concerned.

It was obvious that John Hartley found Mary attractive, cool and pretty in her neat grey or blue dresses with their touches of white, while in the opinion of both Andrew Potterhew and Walter Smithers it was impossible to find a better choice of wife for the young doctor.

For Mary was not only pretty, she was also capable. Was she, perhaps, just a shade too capable? Mr. Potterhew wondered. Wouldn't this admirable quality, if hidden beneath a little helpless charm, pave the path to romance more quickly?

But Mary was too straightforward a person for subterfuge and, anyway, as Mr. Smithers pointed out, no doubt they were a couple of old-fashioned fellows stuffed with the memory of days that were past—the days of gently timid young ladies.

"As they were!" sighed Mr. Smithers in happy remembrance.

"Or seemed to be," added Mr. Potterhew thoughtfully. "I suppose, he continued, "Mary has to be self-sufficient, what with being an orphan and earning her own living. Her self-sufficiency is a—a sort of defence."

"Still, they're getting on," said Mr. Smithers, meaning Mary and Doctor Hartley. "Mrs. Watts' rheumatism seems to be receiving more than the regulation number of evening visits from the young doctor!"

Mr. Potterhew had noticed this, too. It gave him a nice, cosy feeling, for he was so happy himself he wanted everyone else to be happy—particularly Mary, who stirred his heart so tenderly with memory. And what happiness was there for the young, he asked himself, compared with falling in love?

Then Nora, as though tempting Fate to do its worst, wrote "But nothing ever happens in the country!" Whereupon a number of things did. It all began when Mr. Potterhew helped Mr. Smithers and young Johnny Briggs from next door to catch a lizard.

It was an enchanting creature, dull grey in shadow yet iridescently green in sunlight, and Johnny wanted it with all his heart. So, with strict instructions on the various foods it needed and the surroundings in which a lizard would flourish, Mr. Smithers allowed him to keep it.

Unfortunately, however, with usual boyish wickedness, Johnny was caught in the act of slipping it into Miss Marsden's room.

That Miss Marsden did not care for lizards—anyway, not in her room—was obvious. When, with regrettable wavering from the truth, Johnny declared that both Mr. Potterhew and Mr. Smithers had urged him into keeping the creature, matters only grew worse. Mary lectured the three of them.

Grown men, in her opinion, should know better. They should have put the lizard back into the reeds in which they had found it, instead of encouraging young boys to play idiotic practical jokes.

Mr. Potterhew's first reaction was pleasure that the lizard was home again—followed by dismay that Elise Watts and John Hartley should come up at that moment and overhear something of Mary's emphatic speech.

For, just as Mrs. Watts had developed rheumatism, she had also recently developed a niece. Elise was a sweet, fair-haired creature who wore frilly clothes that were extremely feminine. The sight of a frog made her shudder; the soulful glance from a cow frightened her into hysterics, while every gnat bit her almost to death's door.

Mr. Potterhew didn't like her very much. Perhaps he was prejudiced, for John Hartley seemed to. Anyway, his evening visits had become even more regular lately (although Mrs. Watts' rheumatism was easier) and only last evening he had walked round the garden telling Elise the names of the flowers and the shrubs.

"For you see, Doctor Hartley, I come from a great big town. I have never had the chance of learning about plants and flowers—though I love them dearly."

And Mr. Potterhew, listening shamelessly as he sat on his balcony, had thought, And Mary knows them all!

If only she would be a little less self-sufficient, he repeated to himself sadly; would let John Hartley tell her something she didn't—or pretended she didn't—know! But Mary worked in the library. She had to know all the answers. It was a routine that must govern one's life, Mr. Potterhew supposed. It left little room for feminine wiles.

Yet if only she could pretend, say, to dislike the sight of a frog—or shiver (as he was almost certain she had done the other night) at one of the water rats that sometimes came up into the garden, thereby giving the young doctor the chance of being protective and (he faced it squarely) superior!

But Mary just went on being her efficient and honestly sensible self—and, since the arrival of Elise, perhaps a little pale, a little silent.

Now, however, sitting on the lawn drinking their coffee in the cool of the evening, she was neither pale nor silent as she lectured herself and Mr. Smithers about the lizard—and anger, however justifiable, is seldom becoming.

By Lynne Myddleton

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"You're the most independent girl I've ever met," Mr. Potterhew heard John say sharply.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Fischer

**Mary was noted for her efficiency.
But it took on old schemer, playing
Cupid, to solve her romantic problems**

"A lizard!" cried Elise, coming up behind Mary's chair and giving a very good imitation of a miniature scream. "Oh, where?" (Mr. Potterhew noted with disgust that this gave her a genuine opportunity of clutching Doctor Hartley's arm.)

Mary turned, and for a moment there was silence as she looked at Elise and John. Then "It's back in the reeds where it belongs. You needn't be scared." Her voice was cool, flecked with contempt.

"Did I hear you say it was in your room?" John was smiling down at her over the top of Elise's blonde head.

"Oh, I caught young Johnny in time," Mary answered, but she did not smile. She seemed to be looking at the smooth white hand with the immaculate red nails on John Hartley's arm.

He laughed. "Well, boys will be boys!"

"I'm afraid grown men will be boys at times, too!" Her voice was sharp with anger as she turned her grey accusing gaze upon the unhappy Mr. Potterhew and Mr. Smithers. "I had to do what they should have done in the first place—put the lizard back where it belonged."

"Oh, how could you!" Elise's voice was faint with horror. "You are brave. Don't you think she is brave, Doctor Hartley? Far, far braver than poor little me."

Doctor Hartley smiled at her understandingly. "Oh, you get used to things like that if you live in the country long enough."

Her golden lashes fluttered up at him. "I suppose so," she whispered. "I hope so. For I do love it here. Far, far more than I thought I would. And there's so much more fun in the country than I had ever imagined! Why, there's even a dance next week at the Manor Hall!"

Through the sweet deliberation of this and the mad desire on the part of Mr. Potterhew to find the largest and most slithering lizard ever born and put it in Elise Watts' bed, he heard Mary saying coldly, "Well, it's time I was going in."

Sadly he watched her slipping through the blue dusk of this summer evening; proud, self-sufficient, honest Mary—leaving John Hartley to all the feminine art of Elise, alone together in this warm-wrapped night, heady with the scent of the stock, a slim brow of silver moon watching over the distant wood—a night in which even the strongest man might feel romantic, even with the wrong person.

He sighed—and the nightingale,

the final lovely touch to a lovely night, began a tentative song.

A storm was coming up over the far wood. It crackled and roared through the dusty heat, while the copper sheen that had lain over fields and trees for the past hour darkened perceptibly before Mr. Potterhew's eyes.

The rising wind was as though someone had opened a vast oven door and let out a blast of heat. Yet, against the vicious crackle of the lightning, the rushing sound of the distant thunder, a great quiet held. No bird sang, no dog barked, even the little stream at the bottom of the garden seemed stilled into a waiting silence. A frightening sort of silence, Mr. Potterhew thought uneasily, like the great hush that would descend before the ending of the world.

He shook himself impatiently. He didn't like thunder storms. They mixed up his emotions so that he knew fear and excitement at the same time. They made his head ache, too. That was why he had gone to his room instead of sitting, as usual, in the lounge after dinner. That—and because he didn't want to listen to them talking about Mary.

He wished it would start to rain. Storms were safer wet than dry. He began to count between the lightning and the thunder. One, two, three. Three miles away as yet, but driving rapidly nearer. They were going to get the full force of it. If only Mary would arrive home from work before it broke.

Suddenly the wind and the lightning and the thunder seemed to rise in one great crescendo of noise, through which, at first, he did not notice the knocking on his door. When at last he heard and opened it he found Mrs. Watts standing there.

"Oh, I wonder," she quavered, blinking as lightning cut across the room. "I wonder if you could oblige with some aspirin? Poor little Elise is absolutely prostrate. And we are all so worried. Mary hasn't arrived home yet, and the telephone exchange at Holborough has been struck and we can't get through to find out what has happened! And with this storm, anything can happen," she ended dramatically.

Please turn to
page 30





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In the familiar blue-and-white tin, at all chemists and stores—also handy tubes.
HEIERS PHARMACEUTICALS LTD., WILLOW GARDEN CITY AND SYDNEY

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 43

March 26, 1952

A GOAL TO WORK FOR

THE nation has accepted the import cuts bombshell dropped by the Prime Minister.

It now looks to Mr. Menzies to follow up with a constructive, long-range policy.

Dismay has been the reaction to the sudden realisation of the economic crisis, which exists not only here but all over the world.

This dismay would be largely offset if some plans other than restrictive plans were forthcoming.

Australia is not alone in its desire to sell without buying. That's the aim of most countries.

Each is organising its commercial forces into armies of exporters. Each is denying its own people the right to buy. Where are the customers then to be found?

There would be a Gilbert and Sullivan absurdity in all this if it weren't that individual lives and aspirations must be wrecked in the period of adjustment, unless a positive plan of reconstruction is forthcoming.

What Australia needs is not a hasty patching up of a situation but a goal to work for.

Such an end has rarely been in sight in the policies of successive Governments. Their measures have mostly had a make-shift air about them.

Everyone will work and save towards a cherished goal. A man and a girl will work and save for their marriage, a couple to buy a house.

Isn't it about time the nation was given a true goal and shown the way to get there?

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSIE BAKER

ANITA LOOS, whose uproarious "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was a best-seller of the 1920's, makes a come-back with a satire on the habits of Hollywood.

If Miss Loos' pseudo-ingenuous style has lost the devastating impact of originality, there remains much fun and unexpected pathos in this supposed autobiography of a beautiful-but-dumb film star.

Waiting for the birth of her baby, Effie (The Bust) Huntriss writes the story of her life in the form of letters to the child, her "Little Mouse."

The letters, eccentric spelling and all, have the dual purpose of preparing the Mouse for life in Hollywood, "a spot which is apt to always be misunderstood," and of proving that the Mouse's mother has been much maligned.

Effie's career began on the day she wore her first sweater. "When Mommy was about fourteen, and my baby-fat began to disappear (except in the spots where it began to augment), Mommy's Form sometimes failed to bring out the best in Passers-By," she writes.

It was clad in her newest sweater outfit ("which I realized looked even more gorgeous after Mommy

pulled it on") that Effie at the age of 16 on her first day in Hollywood was offered a seven-year film contract. However, this—after Effie had been called on to do some acting in a screen test—was amended to 75 dollars as an extra on a week-to-week basis. "Bert (her agent) had seen my Test himself, so he agreed," Effie writes with typical lack of rancor.

Success came when Effie (at this stage neither "The Bust" nor blonde) unknowingly accepted the lead in a quickie documentary on nudism.

But it was not until a cowboy hero and an actors' agent proposed to her on the same night that Effie felt safe.

"Mommy knew that I never need be insulted again," she reasoned.

Effie's fourth husband, film star Clyde Babcock, was the

OUR COVER

"If keeper comes, can fish be far behind?" says our cover girl, one of the four polar bears at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney. She is one of the two young bears which came from Milan Zoo last year. Three females and one male comprise the quartet. They eat about six mullet each a day, as well as cooked meat, carrots, and dog biscuits. Staff photographer Bob Cleland took the picture.

This week:

● The Romance Quiz entry which won £1000 for Mrs. Hewling Luson, of Victoria, is on pages 12 and 13. Next week we will publish the winning entry in the Office section of the contest. In the issue of April 9 the second and third prizewinners in the Romance and Office sections will appear. These will be followed by a special feature in the issue of April 16 giving the first three prizewinners in the Homemaking section, illustrated in color. Our cookery expert, Charmian Maynard, cooked several dishes from the recipes in the winning Homemaking entries, including the complete menu (for unexpected guests) from the first prizewinner, Mrs. Roy Jenkins. The dishes were photographed in our color studio for inclusion in the issue.

Next week:

● We bring you a new feature next week—first of a series of articles on home decoration by Mrs. Keith Martin, who is well known in Sydney for her taste and originality in furnishing and decor. Her own home at Point Piper is designed for efficiency and ease in running, and she uses pastels with charming effect. She is particularly clever with flower arrangements. In the articles, which are illustrated in color, she has dealt with the practical problem which confronts most people who wish to make over their homes—how to get a good effect without too great an outlay.

● Want a new hair style? In next week's paper there's a set of color pictures showing the latest ideas from Parisian hairdressers. Hair is still short or dressed to give the effect of shortness, and many of the new variations on the short theme are Grecian in inspiration.

A MOUSE IS BORN
By
Anita Loos



MORTON HERRING RECIPES

MORTON select ONLY HERRINGS caught in the famed fishing grounds of the North Sea when the fish are at their finest and their tastiest. MORTON takes special care in the handling and processing of the fish, that's why MORTON HERRINGS reach you sea-fresh and full of flavour - choice, plump fish world-famed for their unparalleled quality.

1 MORTON SCALLOPED HERRINGS

1 small tin MORTON FRESH HERRINGS, ½ pt. white sauce, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, Pepper and salt, 1 teaspoonful mustard.

Remove skin and backbone from fish and break it up, mix top finely. Prepare white sauce, add mustard, pepper, small pinch salt. Butter scallop shells, if available, otherwise a pie-dish. Blend fish with sauce and put equal quantities of the mixture in buttered scallop shells or pie-dish. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Put a small piece of butter on top of each. Brown under a quick grill or in oven.

2 MORTON BAKED HERRINGS

1 tin MORTON FRESH HERRINGS, 1 or 2 Béchamel Sauce.

Butter a pie-dish. Arrange fish from tin of MORTON FRESH HERRINGS, placing the heads alternately at opposite ends of dish. Put a little butter on top, and reheat in very moderate oven. Prepare sauce with three or four anchovies finely chopped. Fry this for a few minutes in saucepan using fairly large piece of butter or margarine. Add chopped parsley, squeeze of lemon and pour over herrings just before serving.

3 MORTON HERRING TOASTS

1 small tin MORTON FRESH HERRINGS, Chopped parsley, Bread, A little mustard.

Remove skin and backbone from herrings. Put fish into basin, blend well with sauce and a little mustard. Shape bread in rounds 2½ in. diameter and fry in butter or butter until golden brown. Fry herrings in a saucepan, and pile the round onto rounds of fried bread. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

4 MORTON HERRING PIE

1 small tin MORTON FRESH HERRINGS, ½ lb. mashed potatoes, Beaten egg, Squeeze of lemon juice, Pepper, Bread crumbs.

Remove skin and backbone from fish, fold fish finely, put in basin, add potato & mashed potatoes, lemon juice and pepper with sufficient beaten egg to bind mixture. Beat thoroughly, place in a buttered pie dish and top with remaining mashed potatoes. If desired, brush top of pie with beaten egg. Mark with fork and bake quick oven.



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ROMANCE QUIZ

Because she is an observant woman always ready to learn, Mrs. Hewling Luson, of Essendon, Melbourne, was well qualified to submit this winning entry in the Romance Section of our popular £5000 Quiz Contest. Her answers showed a feminine but commonsense outlook. The wardrobe question was the only one on which she lost many marks. Below we print the questions asked and Mrs. Luson's answers.

FOUR GOLDEN RULES

1—Suggest four golden rules for girls—nice girls—who wish to be attractive to the opposite sex.

Be natural

By which I don't mean clump about with a shiny nose and an Australian terrier hair-do. Make-up should simulate natural good looks and highlight good features. It also should help to disguise bad ones. A hair-do wants to look as if you'd just combed and brushed your natural curls and waves, so cut out those sausage curl perms and purple pillarbox mouths. Be yourself and not an uneasy imitation of someone you've seen on the movies. That applies to your mental as well as your facial make-up.

Be sweet

There isn't anything that wears trousers that isn't attracted by real honest-to-goodness sweetness. Sympathy is sweet and so are kindness, gentleness, and thoughtfulness. Being sweet does things to your looks, too, you won't have any frown lines or cross-patch, turn-down corners to your mouth.

Be appreciative

Nothing gives a bigger thrill to the boy-friend than to have his ideas and ideals appreciated. Nothing gives your eyes more sparkle than enthusiasm for all you do.

Be intelligent

Be able to discuss things in which the boy-friend is interested. Know what is going on around you. Know when to talk about the latest book you've read or film you've seen, and when to sit and listen. Be a little bit helpless over strictly male pursuits such as hammering nails and mending fuses.

2—You are a working girl with ambitions. Your wardrobe is adequate for your workaday life, but you often wish for something more suitable for parties. You are suddenly presented with £100 to spend on clothes, and decide to set yourself up with things suitable for a smarter social life. Assuming you have a good winter coat, how would you lay out the money to be of advantage not only this summer but for several seasons?

Avoid all extreme fashions because they will date. Concentrate on basics and buy accessories out of salary. Examine clothes for good finish. Choose as far as possible uncrushable, washable materials. Take plenty of time over shopping; nothing successful was ever bought in a tearing hurry.

Choose two long evening gowns, one with a full skirt, one with a slim skirt. Have one white and the other the pastel which suits you best. Both should have stoles. Endless changes can be rung with contrasting stoles, a dramatic trail of flowers for the full skirt, a huge velvet sash with a bustle bow for the slim skirt.

It is worth while buying two really good pairs of evening sandals. These can be as gay and frivolous as you like. For your other dresses choose a well-cut pair of low-vamped court shoes in suede.

Next a ballerina-length evening skirt of two or three layers of tulle or net over a taffeta foundation, lovely for informal dances or cocktail parties or dinner parties, with appropriate tops. There might be a tailored satin blouse with a mandarin collar for dinner parties, two frothy lace ones for dances, and an off-the-shoulder sweater top for chilly evenings.

For races, weddings, lunch parties, buy a black or navy broderie anglaise coat over a stark white shantung or sharkskin tailored dress. You won't find anything smarter or more useful.

For days in the country and any informal occasions you will love a glazed cotton strapless dress, with a little coat. Go gay on this.

For anything and everywhere when it's chilly, winter or summer, choose a slick little grey flannel suit, easy to dress up for formal days or dress down for the country. Be extravagant on this.

To cuddle your bare shoulders at dances, to wear with any of your frocks, even over your suit, evening or daytime, get a little fur fabric jacket, light as a cloud, warm as sunshine.

Following is the budget for this wardrobe:

	£	s.	d.
2 evening gowns	20	0	0
Ballerina skirt	10	0	0
Tops for skirt	10	0	0
2 pairs evening sandals	8	0	0
Suede court shoes	4	0	0
Broderie anglaise coat, shantung dress	15	0	0
Glazed cotton dress, with coat	8	0	0
Charcoal flannel suit	15	0	0
Fur fabric jacket	10	0	0
Total	100	0	0

[Fashion expert Betty Keep said that while Mrs. Luson showed a practical attitude towards fashion she could not agree completely with her choice of clothes. "She knows the value and use of 'separates,' realises a really good suit is never an extravagance, and chose accessories without clutter," said Mrs. Keep. "But the dress character of the 'separates' is not good."]

3—What are the three best beauty hints you know?

Brush your hair with 100 strokes night and morning and whenever possible during the day; finish by smoothing with a piece of silk. See the sheen!

Brush your lashes and brows with a little brilliantine, add a touch to your eyelids. Wonderful for lustrous lashes and smooth, shiny brows, and watch the sparkle in your eyes!

Make ordinary fine oatmeal your top beauty aid. Mix to a paste with lemon juice and use it to whiten and soften roughened elbows and improve your hands. Put a handful in a muslin bag and keep it in the bathroom. Each time you wash your hands and face, dip the bag in the water and squeeze it. The milky fluid clears and fines the skin. For a super complexion clearer and tonic before a party, mix a handful of oatmeal with enough lemon juice and witch-hazel to form a paste. Spread this over your face and allow to dry. Rinse off with warm water and then cold water.

4—Suppose you are a salesgirl in a big departmental store.

The new head of your department, in charge of a large number of girls, is an attractive young man who is noticing you with interest. You believe he would like to ask you out, but you are afraid that it would be unwise because of your respective working positions. How would you go about encouraging his interest while at the same time indicating that you are the soul of discretion and that friendship with you would never prove an embarrassment in working hours?

In this situation, like Brer Fox, I consider that the wisest thing to do would be to "lay low and do nuffin!" If the young

WINNING ANSWERS



MRS. LUSSON'S advice is: If you're a "home" girl, then be one. If you're the out-of-doors type, don't try to be a hot-house flower. If you're glamorous, live up to it. If you're an intellectual, don't hide it, but look for people with the same interests.

man, whom for the sake of the distracted writer's English we will call James, has noticed me with special interest; if he displays, albeit discreetly, the symptoms of incipient desire for a date, then in spite of all difficulties, he will find a way to ask me for one.

Such good points as my discretion and ability to avoid awkward situations will not have escaped his notice.

In James' job he will have found plenty of girls eager to encourage him to notice them; naturally, therefore, the girl who would intrigue him most would be the one who did not push herself forward.

So I would try to carry on with my work in the usual way, being natural and friendly with James when our work brought us into contact.

It must be added that in spite of all James' and my discretion, nothing would escape the eagle eye of the other girls! Once having had a date with James, I would do my best to remain on the friendliest terms with them all so that they would rejoice with me over my success instead of being malicious and jealous.

5—Your methods prove successful, and soon you are seeing the young man regularly. However, his mother, while committing no breach of good manners, receives you coolly, and after a few visits to his home you come to the conclusion she thinks her son might do better for himself. What would you do to try to win her confidence, and if you failed what would you do then?

Mothers of eligible sons almost invariably receive girl-friends coolly. Quite naturally they consider their sons perfection personified, and therefore, the prey of all females. I would expect to be received with quite a lot of reserve, but would try to see her point of view.

I would never, in her presence, adopt a possessive attitude towards James, nor expect him to spend every moment of his spare time with me. I would make a point of asking her to join us in some of our outings and would do my best to discover some subject or thing for which we had a mutual liking. I would be ready always to help with small chores and would ask her advice on all household matters.

At the same time I would try unobtrusively to show her that I am competent to run a house and look after James almost, but not, of course, quite as well as she can. I would ask to be shown how to prepare James' favorite dishes.

Should James' mother continue to be chilly and aloof, I would not be discouraged or hurt. Even the most glacial mothers-in-law have been won over after the wedding.

I would continue to treat her with respect and with as much affection as she would allow me. Never, by word or deed, would I let James know that I found his mother difficult.

6—Anyway, you begin to pop a few treasures in your bottom drawer. List the items of house linen you think any girl should offer as her contribution to the future home. Outline an idea for one set of table linen that would give a trousseau an individual touch.

Table Linen: 2 afternoon-tea cloths, each with 4 napkins to

match; 3 seersucker cloths for general use; 1 suppercloth with 6 napkins to match; set of mats for 6 with 6 napkins to match; 2 traycloths.

Bed Linen: 2 pairs of sheets for each bed; 6 pillowcases; 3 under pillowcases; 2 bolstercases (if used); 3 all-wool blankets for each bed; 1 under-blanket for each bed; 1 quilt for each bed.

Bathroom Linen: 6 bath towels; 6 face towels; 4 guest towels; 2 bathmats.

Kitchen Linen: 6 tea-towels; 2 roller towels; 4 dusters; 2 dishcloths; 1 oven-cloth; 2 floor-cloths; 2 lavatory-cloths.

This list gives the minimum requirements for two people, but of course will be augmented by wedding presents, particularly of table linen.

The design for the seashell set should consist of 6 large shell motifs (diameter 7in.) for plates, 6 for side plates (diameter 5in.), and 6 for glasses (diameter 4in.). The centre mat should measure 14in. by 9in. The napkins should be 8in. squares, and the tea-cloth may be any sized square. The motifs for the napkin pockets should be the 4in. size.

I suggest that the cloth, napkins, and background for the centre mat should be carried out in heavy linen, and the shell motifs in stark white pique (which gives the shell-like grain-ing).

Colors: Shell motifs—Chalk-white with coral-pink stitching. Napkins—Coral-pink bound with chalk-white. Centre mat—Background turquoise-blue bound with chalk-white, with two 9in. diameter shell motifs appliqued. Tablecloth—Turquoise-blue with chalk-white binding and four 4in. shell motifs appliqued so as to make pockets for the coral napkins.

7—Love conquers all, you think, when you accept his ring, followed by other presents designed to grace your joint future home. But six months later you find you are no longer happy in the engagement (though this is not due to any grave fault in his behaviour to you or his character) and decide to end it. What action would you take in announcing your change of heart to your fiancé and your friends?

A broken engagement is a heartrending experience for both the boy and the girl, but it can be less unpleasant if only those two who once were in love would show a little consideration for each other. They very seldom do, which means that one of them, at least, has to suffer months of misery and heart-break.

When I discover that I no longer love James, I must tell him at once. Only by doing this will we avoid a loathsome period of quarrelling and frustration.

I know that James will be very much hurt, but if I can help in any way to make it a less bitter experience for him, then I must do so, as I am the one who is breaking the engagement. In fairness to him it must seem that we have both decided that it won't work.

And that is the way I do it.

I choose a time when we are alone together, and I say: "James, I am terribly sorry, darling, but I just can't go on with it."

I tell him that there isn't another man, it is just that I have found that I don't love him enough to marry him, and that it wouldn't be any good beginning a marriage like that. I tell him that I'll always remember how happy we have been together, that I like and admire him as much as I ever did, and that I hope very much that he won't be too unhappy about it.

I do not suggest that we should go on being friends because that's a silly and impossible situation for a man in love and a girl who is not.

I give him back his ring, even if he wants me to keep it. I tell him that he must take it back.

I tell my family and friends just "James and I have called it off." I write notes to the people who have sent presents, and return them. I try to find another job, if possible, in another town.

I go around with a crowd for a while, not with other boy-friends.

Even if James is angry and bitter, I shall feel that I have done what is right, because a marriage that doesn't even begin with love on both sides is just like a "granny" knot—it comes undone as soon as there's any strain on it.

8—Time marches on. A couple of years later, you are living in another town or suburb, and at last meet your true love. He has only one fault, a strong sense of jealousy. He asks you to marry him, you say yes, and you wonder whether to tell him of your previous engagement or take a chance he will never hear of it. What do you decide, and why?

There is no doubt at all in my mind that I must tell Richard of my previous engagement to James because of his strong sense of jealousy.

Normally, a man would not take exception to the fact that his fiancée, long before she knew of his existence, was engaged to marry another man. But jealousy knows no reason, and should Richard find out after we are married, he would be justifiably angry and hurt.

The jealousy in his mind would prompt him to wonder: "Why wasn't I told? Was she ashamed to tell me? Did she do something wrong? Had she something to hide?"

It is, of course, inevitable that someone, knowing that Richard is jealous, would make a point of mentioning my previous engagement. It is surprising how unctuous, or perhaps malicious, people are about things like this.

So I shall tell Richard quite naturally and casually about James, and I will not try to hide the fact that I once loved him.

But I will try to show him that I have grown up quite a lot now.

Continued on page 15

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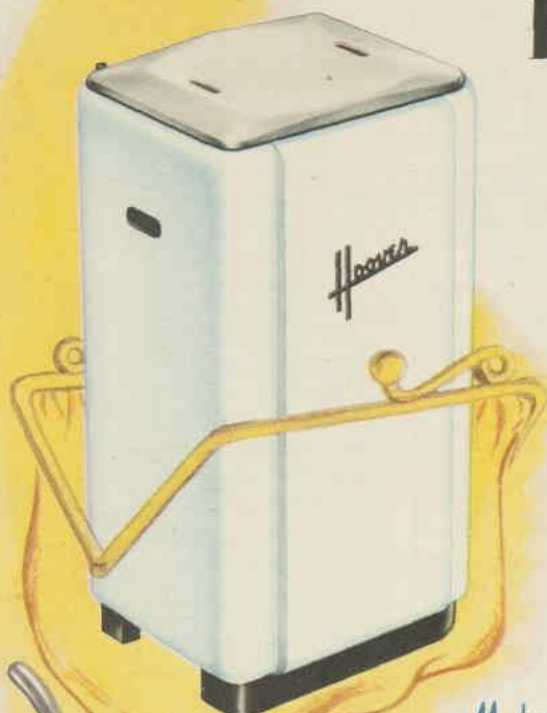


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 26, 1952

At 91, the Captain works farm

By SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

At 91, Captain Charlie Smith, of Boggy Creek, near Bellingen, N. S. W., can still dig a ditch, prune a tree, milk a cow, and keep his little farm in order.

HIS gnarled hands are like tree roots, strong, brown, and hardened from nearly a century of work.

But his back is straight, and his eyes are still bright.

In the town of Bellingen I heard much talk of the models of old steamers and sailing ships the Captain made, so I called on him one Sunday morning.

His farm, with its neat front avenue of tung trees, is on a little hill by a creek.

The old chap had gathered his models from all over the spacious country cottage and had ranged them on the front verandah.

There were models in bone with wooden sails sailing through a blue crinkle paper and tinsel sea; there were small tugboats and stately yachts.

He showed me a few tiny ones in bottles, explaining that he made only simple things now because his fingers were not so nimble.

"I've made more than 150 ships in bottles, but everyone asks for one and they're all gone," he told me.

"But, see here, this is a scale model of the Argyle, a fine ship which plied between Australia and the Port of London."



SAILOR TURNED FARMER. Captain Charlie Smith with two of the model boats he makes as a hobby. Although 91, Captain Smith is able to run his property, which is on the North Coast of New South Wales.

Indicating another, he said proudly, "This model of a river boat has a real gold wheel from a watch I once had, and the engines are true to scale."

"All these blocks work," he demonstrated on the model of a big schooner, square-rigged on the foremast.

Although he never went to school, Captain Charlie has a third engineer's ticket and a Harbor and River Master's Certificate.

"Here are my papers—and I had not a day's schooling," he said, producing worn and weatherbeaten certificates from a flour-bag.

"I just worked very hard all the time. When the other fellows went ashore for a beer, I stayed behind and learned things."

"I had a beer later on, of course," he added with a chuckle.

Captain Charlie has lived and worked round the northern

district of New South Wales for most of his life.

"Why, I remember the days of sail, when big ships used to come right up the Northern Rivers," he recalled.

He told me he lives simply and walks into Bellingen, five miles away, every second day to get his supplies and chat with the townsfolk.

I asked him what happened to the tung nuts, which were thick on the trees.

"I wait until the nuts ripen and drop off, then I collect 'em, dry 'em, and send 'em to the city," he said.

"Come and I'll show you the new cement tank I put in," he added, leading the way round the house.

"I didn't put this in all by myself. I got some help for the digging, but I did the cement work."

The tank was half sunk into the ground, and Captain Smith offered a drink of cold water.

"It's always nice and cold,

even on the hottest days," he said.

"This pump is an idea of mine, too. See how it works," he added, pulling out a small plug and adjusting the pump to a trickle for filling a glass.

"And this is a novel match-box I made. Watch the matches come up," he said, working the gadget.

Captain Charlie took me over to see his parrots.

They are housed in a big cage, specially built so that they can have the greater freedom of visiting several other cages.

"I had a nice vegetable garden out there by the fence," he told me, "but the bushfires wiped it out."

I admired the big overgrown country garden and said how pretty the geraniums were.

"Here," said the old fellow, picking a slip of geranium, "put this in water for a few days and plant it. You'll have a pretty pink geranium."



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Romance Quiz winning answers

I explain to him that things like James' position in the store, the tremendous thrill of getting engaged, the envy and admiration of the other girls don't count any more, that all I want now, and always will want, is Richard himself.

9—Out of the wisdom of your experience, suggest three ways (apart from beauty care and attention to dress) in which a girl can develop her personality.

1. What is your type? Take stock of yourself severely, find your type, and stick to it.

2. Don't get in a rut. So many of us read about people in the papers and see them on the movies and we say languishingly: "Coo, isn't she (or he) lucky? Wish I could do that (or go there)." Well, why don't you? Have a goal in life and pursue it with all the zest you have in you. It need not be anything in any way spectacular, as long as it's something you want to do or get. If it is spectacular, then all the better, and good luck to you.

3. Whatever your type or your aim in life—be interested in people. Really interested. You'd be surprised what treasure trove you'd discover. Romance is ten times more romantic in real life than it ever is in books. The trouble is that most of us never get to know more than a few people really well, and so we miss such a wealth of experience and friendship. Start now and get to know the people around you. Listen to that lost-looking girl in the office and help her along a bit. Go and read to that bed-ridden old lady down the road. Take some flowers to Aunt Eliza who never gets into the country. Put Mrs. Jones' kids in bed for her one evening so that she can go to the pictures.

You'll find your host of blossoming friendships better than a garden of flowers; you'll find your personality burgeoning like a rose tree.

MORE GOLDEN RULES

10—Suggest four golden rules for the man who wants to rate as a charming escort.

Don't flirt with other girls

Have eyes for no girl but the one you're with.

Be thoughtful

And that involves being punctual, bringing flowers for that special occasion, and consulting her about where she'd like to go.

Mind your manners

Open doors for her; light her cigarette first; never drive up to her front door and hoot, but park the car and get out and call for her; treat her parents like a king and a queen.

Think how you look

She does, why not you? Have a haircut, shine your shoes, and for goodness' sake dress for the occasion, not a scruffy jacket and flannels when she is wearing a lovely dress all for you.



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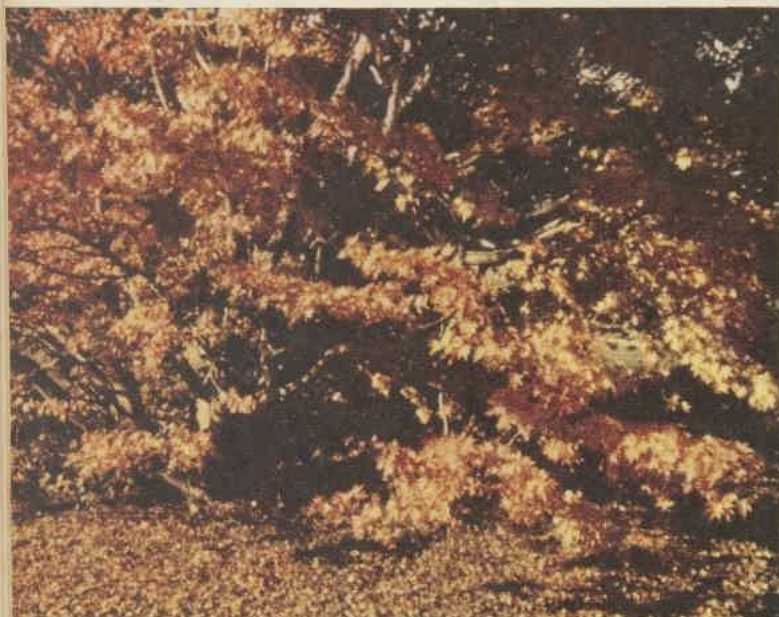
Please send free booklet "Your Key to Hearing Happiness."

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W.P.V. 2



VIVID autumn foliage of an ornamental grape-vine in Melbourne.



JAPANESE MAPLE retains its characteristic red-brown color for most of the year.

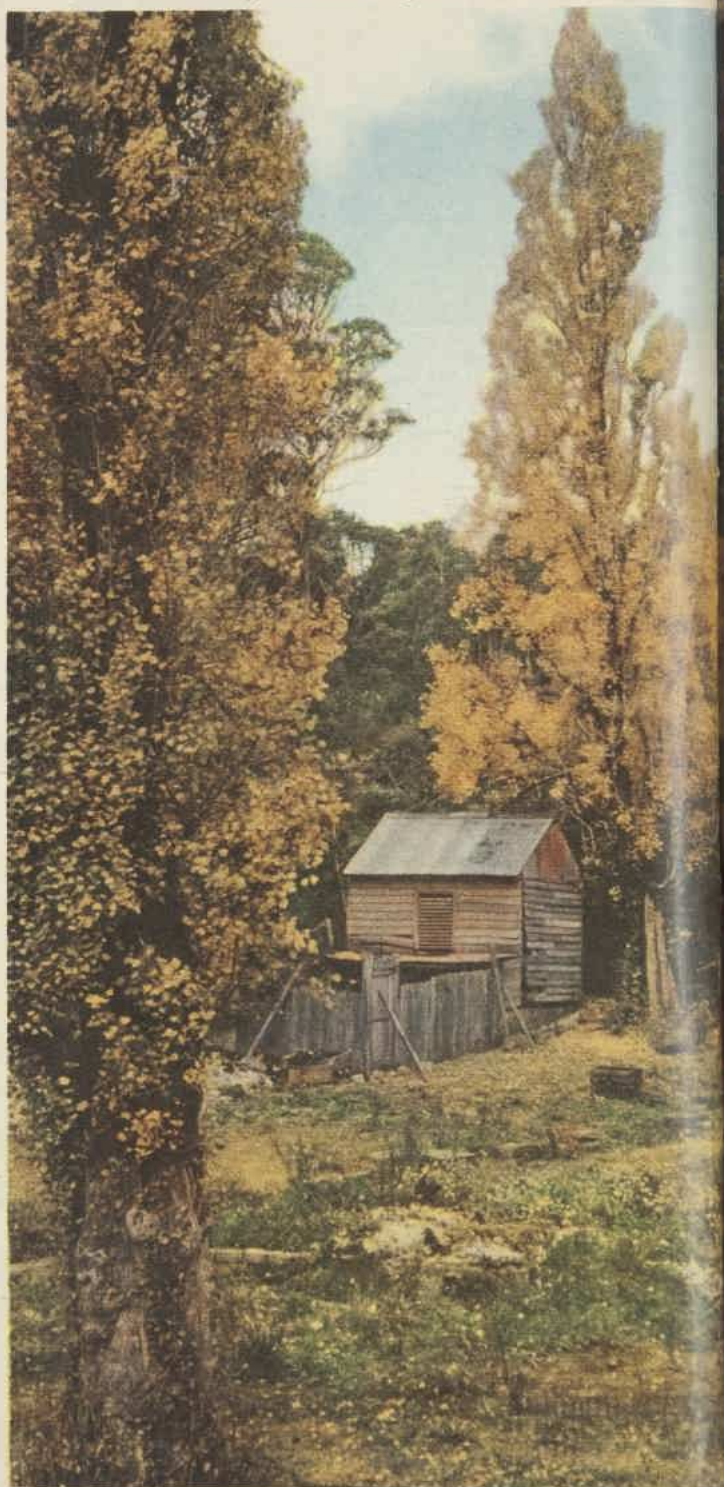


THE FULL GLORY of autumn is captured in these glowing elm leaves.

Rich beauty of . . .

AUTUMN LEAVES

● Most of Australia's autumn beauty is borrowed from countries in the Northern Hemisphere. Nearly all native trees are evergreen. Autumn, when the days grow short and winter hangs on the trembling of a leaf, has a rich, colorful beauty of hectic reds, brilliant yellows, and russets.



RUSTIC SCENE. Golden poplars frame a weatherbeaten shed at Mount Victoria, N.S.W.



MAGNIFICENT specimen of Japanese maple at Wentworth Falls, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.



PENDULOUS LEAVES of the rhus or wax-tree in autumn foliage at East Malvern, Vic.



EVERGREENS and deciduous trees blend in an early autumn scene at Canberra.

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI—

and which has the
expensive perm?

(See answer below)



Hairstyle by
a leading
coiffeur

Toni for a soft, natural look

You'll see for yourself! The deep, rippling waves and soft curls of Toni have all the appearance of naturally curly hair. That's because Toni Home Perm has the gentlest waving lotion known.

And ONLY TONI has the exclusive SPIN Curlers which grip—spin—and lock with a flick of the finger and give a perfect curl. No frizzy stage, no brittle ends, no stubborn

kinks. From the first day, your Toni looks and acts like naturally curly hair.

Which twin has the Toni? ... Lovely Nola and June Fookes come from Westmead, N.S.W. Compare Nola's Toni (on the right) with June's expensive perm. You'll agree no other perm can surpass the natural beauty of Toni. And, for her next perm, all Nola will need is a Toni Refill.

FOR EXPERT ADVICE on waving and hairstyling problems, write Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence Street, Sydney.

SPIN Curler Kit, 30/6
Standard Kit, 26/6
Refill (whole head), 15/-
Junior Refill (odd end curls), 10/6



Toni HOME PERM
WITH SPIN CURLERS
Just like naturally curly hair!

Your dentures are
'oxygen-clean' when
you use 'Steradent'

When you immerse your dentures in 'Steradent', the oxygen content drives stains, film and odours out of every corner and crevice. 'Steradent' disinfects and deodorises, leaving teeth and plate gleaming with absolute cleanliness.



Steradent

'Oxygen-cleans' and sterilizes every type of Denture

Every Modern Woman should read
HEAR THIS WOMAN!

by Ben and Ann Pinchof.
From all booksellers.

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

Worth Reporting

"PLEASE send me some good literature, and also some which would be suitable for my wife and daughters," was a request which amused members of the Victoria League's Bush Library committee in Melbourne recently.

In the League's Collins Street rooms a map of Victoria, dotted to its farthest boundaries with small blue pins, shows how it is getting reading matter to those beyond the reach of normal libraries.

After a book has been on distribution for six months it is checked for repairs by working parties of from six to eight helpers who gather in the rooms daily.

Stalwarts of the library include the organiser, Mrs. C. W. Ties, who has been a worker for 21 years; the committee chairwoman, Miss Annie Danks, a worker for nearly 20 years; and librarian Miss Mary Robinson, who is an expert at re-covering books.

Among the rows of books on shelves are some which have been given and autographed by the authors.

During the war the Victoria League sent food parcels as a gesture of appreciation to English authors who had given books.

This year is one of a special appeal for more books and money to buy books, as the Bush Library, too, suffered losses in recent bushfires.

ANOTHER new word has come from the United States. It is "beautomat," meaning a sort of beauty-advice bureau combined with make-up parlor, hairdressing salon, and club.

Mrs. Tanya Pitt, 31-year-old wife of one of Britain's wartime submarine heroes, who is now living in the United States, was the originator of the instantly successful beautomat venture. She appropriately names it "The Pamper House."

Take a deep breath . . .

GYMNASTIC competitors at the Olympic Games can have it as far as we're concerned. From a list setting out compulsory exercises (approved by the Federation Internationale de Gymnastique) we picked out this as the one we'd least like to do:

Raise trunk with quarter-turn, right swing, left leg side-ward and body arched and half additional turn right to fall out left backward with body swinging forward and arms swinging forward-upward and backward, change knee-bend and straightening knees right with arms swinging forward and upward, light left leg swing forward to fall out left forward (ball of right foot on floor) with body swinging backward and changing arms to position obliquely upward, palms forward, jump forward and place hands on floor, forward roll to deep knee bend with hands on floor obliquely behind, the feet, immediately straighten knees and spring with arms circling forward and execute backward tuck somersault to stand.

Ancient source of alabaster

TWO thousand years ago an alabaster mine in the English county of Staffordshire was worked by the Romans. When it was reopened a hundred years ago fragments of the original Roman tools were found.

To-day alabaster from the same mine is being used to make beautiful lamp bases, cigarette boxes, ashtrays, and book-ends.

The big alabaster lighting bowl ordered by the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Edinburgh when they first went to live at Clarence House was cut from the same deposit.

The largest single piece taken away in recent times weighed eight tons, and was used by Epstein for his huge sculptured figure, "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel."

Dolls' link with Royalty

TREASURED possessions of Mrs. Ray Morris, of Double Bay, New South Wales, are two dolls. They are twins and identical to a doll made to resemble Queen Elizabeth as a child and given to her in 1929.

Mrs. Morris' father, Mr. Joseph Levenson, saw the three dolls on display at the British Exhibition of 1929.

They were about 18 inches high, with blond, curly hair and blue eyes. One was in pink, one in blue, and the third in a yellow organdie dress with a frilly skirt, lace-edged white lawn petticoat and panties, and white shoes and socks. Each wore a pearl necklace.

Mr. Levenson was told that they would be reproduced and marketed as "Baby Betty" dolls if the Duchess of York (now the Queen Mother) gave permission.

While Mr. Levenson was speaking to the attendant the late King, then Duke of York, inspected the display and was presented with the doll in the yellow dress for Princess Elizabeth.

The Duchess did not consent to the marketing of the dolls, and Mr. Levenson bought the two others.

Curls grown with vitamins

SIDNEY RICHE (pronounced Re-shay), self-styled "specialist en coiffure," of Berkeley Square, London, announced on a recent visit to New York that after 15 years of experiment he has found a way to ensure that women of the future will have "naturally" curly hair.

"You don't apply my discovery to adults, but to babies," he said. "It is a simple, harmless, vitamin treatment."

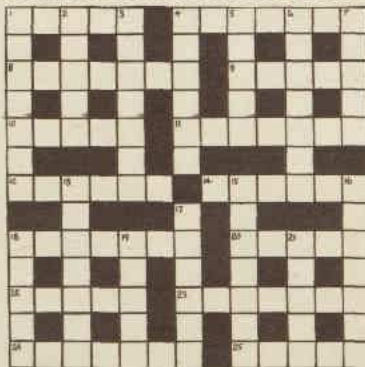
Mr. Riche was addressing the American Hair Fashion Conference and Trade Show at the New Yorker Hotel.

Among Sidney Riche's clients are the Duchess of Kent, Countess Mountbatten, and Mrs. Hoagy Carmichael.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Easily cut a Mohammedan student of theology (5).
4. Political instructions for an M.P. in a rendezvous for a male (7).
8. Mistake a twitch when irregular in habit (7).
9. Two-footed Greek letter turned in bed (5).
10. Trim about inside a pen (5).
11. Curve back conducted and averted (7).
12. Antler, suitably pre-
14. A red A.B. (anagr., 6).
16. Balance a child in truth (7).
20. Rejoiced when the evil one turned (5).
22. Soothes one hundred and fifty in three equal parts mixed with oil (5).
23. Rat pest (anagr., 7).
24. Kind of lichen a cow chews and carry (7).
25. Smooth and concise Highland Gaelic after tea (5).



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

1. Resting person supporting rain (7).
2. Counterfeit smithy (5).
3. Feeler made of a nest man (7).
4. Soot saw mixed for parrots (6).
5. Rich man who finally is only worth a shilling (5).
6. Morning for a Roman two-handled tank (7).
7. Finish Edward completed (5).
12. Pen-point lost blood when bitten gently (7).
15. Graduate broken stall used for stabilising a ship (7).
16. Confirm by giving instruction to send one? (7).
17. If this clue is hard, you find it and a steer (6).
18. I call in it a flower (5).
19. I as the French mixed between peas (5).
21. Citizen in his or her most important capacity (6).



Solution to last week's crossword

**NILE
Erin-
Art
SHEETS
AND
PILLOWCASES**



**REALLY
MAKE
A BED!**

Made from famous Spere English sheeting, Erin Art sheets are available in all sizes, either hemstitched or scalloped, or plain if you prefer. Erin Art pillowcases are hemstitched, embroidered or in plain housewife style. All are moderately priced, despite their exclusiveness.

PIONEER PRODUCTS
Pioneer Distributors Pty. Ltd.
134 Broadway, Sydney

SPOTS AND PIMPLES?

The famous Yeaston said:

"All beauty must be organic; it must come from within; all external embellishment represents a species of deformity."

Your skin often acts as a tell-tale of poor health—generally a sign of B1 and B2 vitamin deficiency.

Yeaston, a pure active yeast, is one of the richest known forms of vitamins B1 and B2. Two or three concentrated Yeaston tablets taken regularly will soon repair your diet. With your system right again your health will be mirrored by a clear skin and radiant eyes.


Pure active yeast in concentrated tablet form.



In bottles of
36 and 100

ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attack of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendeo, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attack. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendeo from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

A full-page illustration of a woman in a vibrant red coat, walking and looking down. She is wearing a dark blue hat with a white flower, dark gloves, and dark blue high-heeled shoes. The background is a soft, painterly style with green foliage and a blue architectural element.

Eyes turn to

Sally Forth
COATS

WITH THE P.L.B. SHIELD GUARANTEE OF QUALITY



At your favourite store

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 26, 1952

Page 19



New! Irresistible Radiance!

What radiant, youthful loveliness your complexion will have — when you use this finer-textured Three Flowers Powder. And how its smooth flattery lasts for hours — because of exclusive **Top-Tone Shade Control**, it is unaffected by skin secretions, won't streak, cake or change colour unevenly, whether your skin be oily or dry. Put re-powdering worries aside . . . let your skin glow with vibrant beauty . . . choose your "Three Flowers" fashion-perfect shade — it's your dream powder!

Companions in Glamour: Three Flowers Lipstick, Rouge, Perfume, Vanishing Cream, Toe Powder, Hand Cream, Brilliantine.

three flowers face powder

Creation of **Richard Hudnut**
New York • London • Paris • Sydney



All true cat lovers want their pets to be lively and lovable, with eyes that shine and a coat like silk. But do you know that to be like this your pet needs regular conditioning, to provide the correctives his normal diet lacks? Give him one 'Tibs' a day in his morning saucer of milk and see the difference. Just one 'Tibs' a day keeps him always a credit to you, the purring, playful little rascal!

TIBS "TIBS CAT POWDER" A Rich Marine Product
Australian Agents: SARGENT & SPAULDING
(Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 111 Pitt Street, Sydney.
KEEP CATS KITTENISH



THE McCONCHIE CLAN



McCONCHIE CLAN founders, David and Jennie McConchie, who came to Australia in 1871 with their family following the migration here of three of their 11 children.

Annual reunion is big event each year

The extra-outsize family of McConchie has about 400 members on a family tree founded in Australia in 1871 by David and Jennie McConchie.

Their heart-warming reunion every year at the Richmond Oddfellows' Hall climaxes in the adults singing "Auld Lang Syne" in a clasped-hands circle enclosing "the bairns" sleeping in the centre.

"LANG may your lum reek" is the parting exchanged when the evening has drawn to a close.

"It means 'long may your chimney smoke,' symbolical of prosperous family life," explained Mrs. Edwin Parker, the eldest granddaughter of David and Jennie McConchie.

"The first family reunion was held at Uncle Will's at Elsternwick, over 50 years ago, just before Grandmother Jennie died at the age of 86."

"But it was the McConchie XI, a cricket team founded by Uncles Joe and Adam, in 1908, which really kept our family together throughout the years," explained Mrs. Parker's brother, Owen, third president of the clan.

"Sceptics said at the time that it wouldn't work because relatives never agreed."

"With us it had just the opposite effect."

"The cricket team developed an unselfishness and comradeship among us which would be hard to beat," he added.

These days the McConchie women take along baskets of Australian fare to the annual meeting in the Oddfellows' Hall, but old-timers nostalgically dwell on the aroma of grandmother's oatcakes and girdle scones.

"Our grandparents were a

wonderful couple," Mrs. Parker recalled.

"Grandfather was a weaver in Langham, Dumfriesshire."

"After the third child migrated to Australia, enthusiastic letters home from the wanderers gave itchy feet to other members of the family."

"Grandfather at last said to Grandmother, 'I canna part wi' any more of our bairns, Jennie; we will go ourselves,'" added Mrs. Parker.

Relatives and friends in the little community of Langham decided that if the McConchies went they might as well go too, and sailed with them for Australia in the Colonial Empire in 1871.

"When Grandfather took a tram to St. Kilda on arrival in Melbourne, he had to buy tickets for the entire contingent," said Mrs. Parker. "He set out to find his eldest son, William, who, with his brother John and sister Janet, was already settled here."

"Half the party searched on one side of Fitzroy Street and the rest on the other, looking for William's boot-repair shop."

"Aunt Jane and Aunt Anne were so overcome by the meeting that they went to sleep that night in each other's arms."

Mrs. Parker said that Grandfather McConchie founded the Victorian Branch of the Independent Order of Good Templars.

● The two families of McConchie and Newnham are rivals for the title of Victoria's biggest family.

The McConchies number about 400. There are 609 Newnhams. While the Newnhams would seem to prevail, the McConchies claim to win on handicap.

They point out that the Newnhams were founded in 1849 by two brothers, whereas the McConchies stem from only one man who came to Australia in 1871.

Neither family takes the rivalry seriously. But they are justly proud of a mutual tradition of Christian ideals and close-knit family life.



CLAN PRESIDENT, Owen McConchie, of Gardiner, Victoria, and his sister, Mrs. Edwin Parker, inspect a family chart drawn from records kept by Mrs. Parker.

"Grandmother, anxious not to give scandal in the colony, gave up her time-honored custom of lighting Grandfather's pipe," she added.

"Matches were in good supply here, but at home in Scotland she used to get the pipe going herself from the peat fire in the kitchen and take it to her husband, busy at his loom in a distant part of the house, when it was 'drawing nicely.'"

The ideals instilled by David and Jennie in their children was faithfully interpreted and handed on.

"Mother and Father always pointed out, for instance, that

play, and we thought it unwise to make commitments for the season," he said.

In its cricketing heyday the McConchie clan fielded two teams. As members of the Metropolitan League they won the premiership three times.

The Marylebone Cricket Club in England has a picture of a McConchie XI in its historic clubrooms.

President Owen McConchie and Mrs. Parker are the children of David McConchie, the fourth child of their grandparents.

They are among the seven survivors of 10 children.

Mr. Owen McConchie said that records show that every McConchie in Victoria is one of the 400 descendants of David and Jennie.

In addition they extend kinship to everyone named McConchie in the world. Because of the unusual spelling of the name it is considered that anyone bearing this title is a relative, however distant.

A remote "cousin" is Mr. Charles McConchie, of New Orleans, whose ancestor migrated to America about the same time as David came to Australia.

Although Mr. Charles McConchie and his Australian cousins have never met, letters exchanged across the Pacific are as cordial and eagerly received as letters from an absent member of any closely knit family.

Clan secretary is Mr. Frank McConchie, Senior Inspector of Weights and Measures in Victoria. His three-months-old son is the youngest member of the clan.

By **MARY COLES**,
staff reporter

if there were no takers there would be no thieves," said Mrs. Parker.

"This meant that even pencils and trinkets we won at games with school playmates had to be returned."

"Like our grandparents, our parents set a wonderful pattern of harmony, one never failing to support the other, as a matter of principle, in family affairs," she added.

Apart from the war years, when rambles took the place of the time-honored cricket match, last season was the first occasion that the McConchie XI didn't field a team.

Mr. Owen McConchie pointed out that this was regarded as only a temporary lapse.

"When we had our annual meeting last August, only about 13 were available for

AND THE NEWNHAMS



ANNUAL FAMILY PICNIC of the Newnham clan at Heidelberg Park, which was attended by more than 200 members of the 600-strong family. Competitive sports included a tug-of-war (won by the descendants of William Newnham), nail-driving contest for women (won by Mrs. W. Travis), and quoits (won by David Newnham, of Essendon).

... friendly rivals for "biggest family" title

A SCROLL 26 feet long, on which is inscribed the family tree of the Newnhams, was unfurled and hung in a place of honor under the gums at Heidelberg Park when the clan, who claim to be the largest family in Victoria, held a reunion.

The picnicgoers ranged from curly golden-headed Linda Harvey, aged 15 months, to 80-year-old dignified John Newnham, of Thornbury, who was invested during the afternoon with the honor of "Chief of the Clan" by the president, young Mr. Clive Newnham.

On arrival at the picnic, everyone reported to him, and he marked their presence with a colored pin stuck beside each name on the family tree.

Accepting the role of the "Chief," he good-humoredly confided it was a doubtful honor because the main qualification was age.

John Newnham is a descendant of the House of Fred—the

young Newnham ancestor who came to Australia from England in 1849 with his 19-year-old brother, William.

Between them the brothers founded a family which now has 609 living members, including those who have married into the clan.

Four clergymen, a doctor, farmers, traders, timber merchants, motor-body builders, and businessmen are some of the occupations chosen by members.

The Newnhams have had these family reunions for more than 50 years, and Heidelberg Park has been the picnic spot since 1936.

The reunion is held on a Monday following a Sunday church parade of the family.

Mrs. David Newnham, of Armadale, was early at this year's picnic.

She had the big job of "labelling" the Newnhams—finding out the names and pinning little cards on to frocks and coat lapels after their identities had been established.

Becoming a Newnham is a

pleasant business, according to men and women who have married into the clan.

"They're such a friendly crowd," is the summing-up.

Optical lens-maker, cheery John Truman, of Regent, husband of the former Lil Newnham, told me he felt "A bit dicky at first about such a big crowd."

Now, after 26 years of married life, he is as stalwart a champion of the House of Fred as if he had been born into it.

Although united as a family there is a keen rivalry between the descendants of the House of Fred and the descendants of the House of William.

The rivalry ranges from vying with each other in the biggest muster at the annual picnic, sporting prowess, and a tug-of-war contest between the two houses as a finale of the day.

This year the tug-of-war was won by the House of William, which also carried off the laurels in the birth section with an increase of seven new members born during the year

ALTHOUGH the Houses of Fred and William have been forging ahead for 103 years, it was not until last year that descendants of the two brothers married.

In September Freda Newnham and Frank Newnham, now of Yarravong, the children of cousins John and Jack Newnham, were married at the Baptist Church, Kew, by their kinsman, Rev. J. E. Newnham.

against the House of Fred's increase of three.

But the House of Fred won the attendance record at the picnic which was enjoyed by over 200 Newnhams of both houses and "possible starters" . . . non-relatives walking out with young members of the contingent.

The home-like atmosphere at the picnic was enhanced by such cosy touches as the kitchen table and set of gay cream-and-cherry stools brought by Mr. and Mrs. A. Anderson in their utility truck, and the leather couch and chromium chairs brought by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Newnham, whose truck also transported eight passengers.

Mr. J. A. Newnham told me that the clan attributes the longevity of its members to simple living.

Totallers and the majority non-smokers, only 92 members of the clan have died in 92 years.

Chaplain the Rev. J. E. Newnham addressed the gathering and conducted family prayers.

Stan Davies, Australian champion all-round gymnast, was present.

Title-holders for the roles of youngest members of the clan go to Roff Smith, son of Gwen and Spencer Smith, of Brighton, of the House of Fred, and William Charnock, son of William and Brenda Charnock, of Sale, of the House of William.

The infants have equal claim to the distinction. They were both born on February 28 this year.



NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Finncombe, of Monument Creek (left), and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Newnham, of Sale, report their marriages to clan secretary, Mr. W. A. Newnham.



CHIEF John Newnham, aged 80, with Judith Newnham (7) and her brother John (9).

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TOMORROW
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TAKE
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TONIGHT

THE PURELY
VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

Whatever the Weather...

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Eagley **ELIMINATOR**—gives masculine support to eliminate fatigue. Its skin-close fit yields to your movement, yet never chafes. Eliminator boils without spoiling.

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35.22/9

Mothers help each other



THREE-WAY TALK. Mrs. A. G. Alderdice (top), Mrs. J. Tomi, Mrs. J. Chilvers, and Mrs. M. Dimond, who live in the same block of flats at Mosman, N.S.W.



AFTER SCHOOL the "gang" lines up in someone's kitchen at the flats. This time it is Mrs. Alderdice's turn. Round the table are Bruce and Christopher Degenhardt and David Tomi, and Margaret, Jeanette, and Barbara Alderdice.

IN a big block of flats which overlooks Sydney Harbor from the vantage point of Mosman Bay, there are five families with a total of 12 children under the age of nine.

The mothers have worked out ways of helping each other without infringing on the privacy they all value, so each is able to take time away from home occasionally.

Mrs. A. G. Alderdice, "the oldest inhabitant," has been there for 10 years. She is the mother of four girls.

"We don't live in each others pockets," she said, "we are all too busy for that, but we do help each other."

"Our baby sitting, shopping, and task-sharing in emergencies started during the war when our husbands were away, and we badly needed help with the children."

"It worked so well that it has gone on ever since, and newcomers to the flats have joined in."



MRS. CHILVERS does the washing for Mrs. Alderdice, who had hurt her arm, while Mrs. Dimond looks after active little Bill Chilvers and chats with his mother as she works.

ANY BATH looks good to six-months-old Peter Dimond, who gets a tubbing from Mrs. Tomi after an afternoon in her flat while his mother went to town for a few hours.



A PRACTISED HAND with nappy changing after six months looking after her own baby, Mrs. Dimond has no trouble with Rosalie Alderdice while her mother is out.

EACH DAY Jeanette Alderdice visits little Janet Tomi, who has been in bed since Christmas with rheumatic fever. Jeanette always has a new story for Janet and all the children's news.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 26, 1952

Perfume to swing you gaily into a mood that excites, that thrills... "Great Expectations" by Goya, a lovely fragrance to captivate and hold the wayward heart.

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by
Goya



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Perfumed Cologne, Talc,
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Choose a DomineX Coat at any leading store - and you win the admiration of all who appreciate the finest in materials, styling, and perfection of finish.

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ANNABELLE



LOUISE MACINTYRE
"Knit one . . . purl one . . . slip one . . .
Hm-m, yes. What was it you said?"

BUTCH



"It wasn't burglars, lady. I seen th' cat . . ."

It seems to me

FEDERAL Opposition members would do themselves more honor by remaining consistent with their party platform than by jumping on the anti-controls bandwagon.

The way that some members express themselves about the import controls you would think that the Labor Party was the champion of private enterprise in its most untrammelled forms.

It would be more realistic and honest if they said: "The Government has been forced to reintroduce controls. This suggests that the former Labor Government's reluctance to relinquish the emergency powers it had in wartime was probably soundly based."

Of course, it wouldn't sound so well from an electioneering point of view, but, after all, the elections are a year off.

Even looking at the matter cynically, there's bound to be some fresh bone of contention in another 12 months, so Labor could afford the luxury of being honest with itself temporarily.

By



Dorothy Drain

THIS century may well go down in history as the deodorised century.

Someone was expressing the fear the other day that the boom in chlorophyll products may mean the end of all the nice smells as well as the unpleasant ones.

She points out that the sense of smell is one of the adjuncts of memory, and thinks that perhaps to-day's children will miss the experience of having an incident of years ago vividly recalled by an odor.

Opinions differ about the smell of cookery, for instance. If you're hungry, the smell of frying onions is more delightful than French perfume. Undoubtedly the manufacturers of those household deodorants would swiftly point out that you can easily put the cap on the bottle when you're brewing coffee.

However, probably individual people will develop different habits in the uses of the products.

As an absent-minded hostess, I recommend leaving the bottle corked until someone sniffs suspiciously and says: "Is something burning?"

The drill is then to rush to the kitchen, rescue the unburnt carrots from the top of the saucepan, hide saucepan, uncork the deodorant bottle, and return innocently to the living-room saying: "No, false alarm!"

PERFECTIONISTS are more prone to headaches than other people, so an American doctor told an audience of doctors the other day.

Psychological problems, such as an individual's inability to reach the perfection he desired in his work, were an immediate cause of many headaches.

To say nothing of all the headaches such people give to other people.

UNDERWATER television is being used in some British trawlers as an aid to fishing.

*When you sit on the edge of a headland,
With your line dangling into the sea,
It's pleasant to dream of the big ones,
And anticipate fish for tea.*

*But supposing, on television,
You saw them ignoring the bait
Or imagine the further frustration
Of the screen in a fishless state!*

*True, 'twould stop all the experts from crying
'It's a bream! You can tell how he grabs!'*

*And concealing their blushes with chatter
When they haul in—a couple of crabs.
Let them have all their new-fangled methods,*

*The old-fashioned hopes will do me,
As I sit on the edge of a headland,
With a line dangling into the sea.*

ACCORDING to a Canberra message the Australian Government doesn't intend to follow the lead of Britain, America, and Canada in restricting the travel movement of Russian diplomats.

The British, American, and Canadian Governments have limited Communist diplomats to travel within 25 miles of the respective capitals.

The action was taken because similar restrictions apply to British diplomats in Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria. One can imagine what went on when this was discussed in Canberra.

Conversation probably ran something like this:

"Well, what do you think? Think we ought to do the same?"

"Oh, I say, old boy! Canberra isn't London, you know."

"No, no. Quite. It isn't New York, or Ottawa, or even Moscow, for that matter."

"Yes, yes. Retaliatory action is one thing. But no need to be as harsh as all that, is there? Hurry up, anyhow, or we'll miss our plane."

ONE of the big Sydney shops has started a new system with its accounts, replacing the old method of closing accounts on the last day of the month.

The closing date of the accounts will now be staggered according to the alphabetical group in which the customer's name falls.

Instead of thinking automatically on the 31st, "Better hang off two more days and get the hat on next month's bill," you will have to have your own personal A-Day fixed in your mind. The same store now promises to include docket duplicates with an account.

Curiously, another Sydney store has chosen the same month in which to say cryptically, "To purchases" on its bills.

It's hard enough trying to think whether you really did charge two pairs of "N. Hose" on the bill without being puzzled and shocked by the mystery of "purchases."

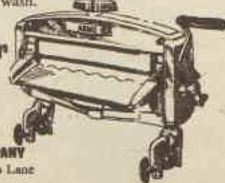


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Royal palms, banyan trees and poincianas give shade and romantic tropic beauty to the streets of Mackay — the loveliest city in Queensland.



Luxury day tours through scenery like this! Until you see golden cane-fields against towering tropical mountains you don't know the full beauty of Australia. A choice of twelve absorbing tours including pineapple farms, the town where Melba lived, sugar mills at night time and picnics in mountain groves of palms. (Above) Eungella Range.



Romantic cruises to the Barrier Reef every week

These craft actually reach the outer reef as well as the sheltered coral. You often have nights ashore on beautiful Lindeman, Brampton, Daydream, and South Molle Islands. Food is fine and appetites are hearty. "Silverwake" 41 days, 8 passengers, £16-15-0; "Roylen" 5 days, 16 passengers, £22. Send coupon for full information.

Leave winter behind — Fly to the sun. The warm sunshine of Mackay is only 7 hours flying time from Sydney, 10 hours from Melbourne, 12 hours from Adelaide.



From now right up until the end of next December Mackay offers you the most wonderful holiday of your life. Even in one blue-skied fortnight you can do so many different things with all arrangements taken care of in advance for you. Spend four to five days on a cruise through ninety tropical islands to the barrier reef. Laze your way through other days on one of those romantic islands

which are so accessible from Mackay. In between times spend days in Mackay itself — the Honolulu of Australia — making unforgettable daily trips by luxury coaches through golden cane-fields and jungle-foliaged mountains.

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Spend a week or a few days on an island like this. You sleep in private cabins or suites amongst these whispering palms. Entertainment and meals in community hall. Brampton Island 2 hours cruise from Mackay. Full week £10-2-0, inclusive of return yacht fare. Half week tariffs from £5-9-6.

Lindeman Island, a tropic paradise, 40 miles from Mackay, £13-15-0 per week inclusive of return yacht fare. Send coupon for full information.

To Ian Wood, P.O. Box 293, Mackay, Queensland

Dear Sir,

Please send me full details of tourist accommodation in Mackay and Barrier Reef islands, together with information on Mackay beauty spots.

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Joy will bring baby here

Has father's eyes, mother's features

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Joy Nichols' target for 1953 is a visit to Australia with her husband, Wally Peterson, and their round-eyed baby girl, Roberta.

Joy said this when she phoned her mother, Mrs. Freda Nichols, in Sydney seven hours after the baby was born at the fashionable London Clinic.

INSTEAD of taking a suite at a big hotel for their Australian visit, Joy and Wally will stay with Joy's parents at their new little cottage at Lane Cove. "I'm just dying to see it," Joy told me.

Flowers, telegrams, and presents from fans and show people are pouring into the clinic.

It is an event in show business which had almost as big a following these past weeks as the radio programme "Take It From Here," in which Joy stars.

Joy, who worked on the radio programme and disc recordings till five weeks ago, entered the clinic nine hours before the baby was born.

She was calm to the point of nonchalance. Only a couple of weeks ago, hidden in the wings of London's Coliseum Theatre, she broadcast her part in the National Radio Award broadcast in which "Take It From Here" won the title of Britain's best radio programme.

Husband Wally Peterson, tall, dark, lean American actor-singer, received the news less calmly.

Said Wally, who is playing a leading role in the musical "South Pacific" at Drury Lane: "The hospital called me on the stage-door phone.

"It's a girl," they said.

"For the rest of the show I

just wandered round on stage in a real daze.

"I kinda wanted a girl, and so did Joy. The nurse in charge lost a big bet about that.

"They took X-rays a little while ago, and when the nurse looked at them she said the chances were 100-1 that it would be a boy.

"We were a little disappointed. But not now.

"I guess Joy was so calm and controlled about it because theatrical people take direction easily, and that helped a lot.

"There were no anaesthetics, twilight sleep, or anything."

When I saw Wally, Joy had just finished phoning her mother.

Joy kept breaking off the conversation to exclaim, "Oh, Mummy, it's such a pretty little baby!"

"Freda was so thrilled she cried, and they talked for about ten minutes," he said.

"My folks in Boston, too, sounded just tickled pink when I telephoned them," Wally said with a proud grin.

"The baby is wonderful, you know, not shrivelled up like most are. She has a lot of Joy, her chin and nice clean



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Joy Nichols photographed at the London Clinic with her baby, Roberta, about 48 hours after the child was born. The young Australian radio star worked at recording until five weeks before the birth.

features—and poppa's big eyes, though hers are still blue.

"She weighed 7lb. 13oz. at birth."

Joy called the baby Roberta because the name will be suitable if she grows up to be "a dignified little lady."

"And Joy says if she grows up a tomboy like herself we can switch the name to Bobby," Wally added.

The first of a host of telegrams came from "Professor" Jimmy Edwards, now rector of Aberdeen University and co-star of "Take It From Here."

It was characteristic: "Well done! All marks go to head of class."

Dick Bentley preferred to take his message personally to Joy.

Apart from Wally, he was the first visitor to see her.

Scriptwriters Frank Muir and Denis Norden, who returned from Australia in November, are already at work incorporating the happy event in the next programme as the pay-off in a sketch about Robin Hood in "Take It From Here."

Frank Muir said: "In the sketch the Sheriff of Nottingham pardons Robin Hood, who says he will spread the 'tidings of joy.'

"What tidings?"

"It's a girl!"

Frank Muir, whose wife is expecting a baby, said: "If it's a boy, we aim to call him Woolloomooloo. If a girl, Woollahra."

Joy plans to return to the programme next month. She and Wally are also planning a co-starring radio show for the B.B.C., "Mr. and Mrs. Music," which may be broadcast after May.

There is little chance of their visiting Australia this year be-

cause of present commitments, but they are trying hard to line up a radio series or a stage show next year.

"No names yet," Wally added.

Recently Parlophone engaged them to record a series of numbers together, beginning with "The Old Soft Shoes."

Joy and Wally have selected a nanny from a long list of applicants to take over in the cream-and-green nursery in their modern flat at St. John's Wood.

The nursery, which overlooks a tree-dotted hillside, was formerly the dining-room.

Joy painted the crib, cot, chests, and other furniture, as well as knitting Roberta's layette.

The nanny, Miss Barr-Hamilton, a dark, quiet woman in her early 40's, will spend three years with Roberta.

She says she doesn't say longer to avoid becoming too attached to her charges.

"But with many families I go back to spend vacations with them," she added.

The London Clinic, the city's most fashionable hospital, has an air of rich comfort and efficiency.

Joy has a flower-crammed room on the sixth floor, overlooking Regent's Park.

"We haven't engaged a suite like millionaires, with a spare room for the husband," Wally said. "I guess they don't want husbands around too much, anyhow."

"Though the nurses have been awfully sympathetic to me," he added feelingly.

After ten days in hospital, Joy plans to have a fortnight at home before making the final recordings in the current series of "Take It From Here."

"After all, we're in show business. That's the tradition," Joy said.



PROUD PARENTS. Joy Nichols and her husband, American actor-singer Wally Peterson, who said they "kinda wanted a girl and would have been a little disappointed with a boy."



GOULBURN PICNICS. Mr. R. T. Hassall and his daughter, Jill, of "Glendareel," Braidwood, place a bet with Mr. Jack Munro at the Goulburn Polo and Picnic Race Club's meeting. Jill will celebrate her 21st birthday at an At Home at the Queen's Club, Sydney, on April 10.



PICNIC LUNCH was shared by Jean Ranken (Lockersleigh), Janet Milson (Canberra), Dorothy Tooth (Brayton), Mrs. E. Pope (Gundary Plains), and Sue Teakle (Holmby) at Goulburn Picnics, held at "Springfields," the picturesque property of the club president, Irwin Maple-Brown.

Social Gittings

THE gay round of parties planned for Royal Easter Show Week indicates that country people have decided to put their bushfire and drought worries in mothballs for a while.

The Town and Country Ball on board M.V. Neptunia will start the ball rolling on April 5, the day after the Show opens. On the same night the Australian Shorthorn Society will hold a buffet-dinner at the Pickwick Club. Hear that with such connoisseurs of prime beef to feed, the chef is searching the country for the most succulent 30lb. of Shorthorn to serve on solid platters. He will have to face up to criticism from the experts again on April 7, when the Poll Shorthorn Society has its party at the Club.

Guest of honor will be American cattle breeder Clinton K. Tomson, who will judge at the Show, and his wife. Members Roy McCaughey, Douglas Munro, and Douglas Robertson hope that Mr. Tomson will be able to pay quick visits to some Australian properties before returning to America.

In the ballroom of the Australia that night, the Aberdeen Angus Society will hold a dinner for 200 guests, and the following night at the Pickwick the Australian Jersey Herd Society will meet for a buffet-dinner.



DEBUTANTES Brenda Lovett (left), Sue Meyers, and Robin Dixon-Eden, who will make their debut at the Rotary Ball on May 16 at the Trocadero. The ball aids the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.



PRESIDENT of Canberra Picnic Race Club, Mr. A. W. Scott, and Mrs. Scott with Mr. J. B. Reynolds (centre), of Holmby, Lake Bathurst, at Goulburn Picnics.



EASTER BRIDE-TO-BE Jennifer Snelling, of Clifton Gardens, who marries Armand George at St. Andrew's Cathedral on April 15, with her hostess, Mrs. Persia Porter, Mrs. Bruce Trenerry, and Betty Whittle at pre-wedding party at the Pickwick Club.

EVERYONE is hoping that the weather man is kind enough to allow airing of glamorous autumn suits in comfort at the A.J.C.'s Autumn Meeting, beginning on April 12. The course will make a pretty setting with masses of chrysanthemums, cyclamens, and begonias in the stands and grounds, which the gardeners have been coaxing for months, expecting that Queen Elizabeth would see them.

The young folk will have their chance to turn on the glamor at the supper-dance on April 14 at the Australia for Sue Barton, Robin Linsley, Helen Mary Lysaght, and Bridget MacIntyre and David Arnot, Micky Bowman, Geoff Hassall, and Bruce Rutherford. Mothers of the guests of honor will be hostesses.

BRISBANE artist Margaret Olley, who was subject of Bill Dobell's controversial Archibald Prize portrait in 1949, will go to London in April from Paris, where she is studying, to meet her sister, Elaine, who sailed in the Ranche on March 17.

LOTS of parties are planned for the Canberra Picnic Races on March 28. President Alex Scott and his wife, of "Carwoola," Bungendore, will entertain at afternoon-tea and at the president's dinner-party. Forty hostesses will arrange a cocktail party at the Hotel Canberra, and many young people, including Judy McDiarmid and Jeanne Marie and Phillipa O'Hanlon, will hold parties before going on to the Picnics' Ball at the Albert Hall.

THERE will be no breaks for morning and afternoon tea when the Country Women's Association meets in Sydney on April 21 for its four-day annual conference. Secretary Margaret McCallum told me that 1000 delegates and members will attend. "With 47 resolutions on the agenda alone, we won't have a moment to spare," she said. Among the group presidents to attend are Mrs. L. G. Maitland (Hume group), Miss Ula Wilson (Far Western), Mrs. L. B. Owen (Central Western), Mrs. F. Cowle (Condobolin), Mrs. J. D. Rogers (South Coast), and Mrs. A. B. Streeter (Northern Tablelands).

A MODERN house in a bushland setting of silver gums and banksias is being planned by Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Paterson, of Mosman. To be built of cream brick not far from their present home, the house will have a wonderful view of the Harbor and North and South Head. "We are having lots of terraces and patios and a flat roof to take maximum advantage of such a view," Mrs. Paterson told me.

PRETTY wedding in Canberra was that of well-known musician Shirley Ransom, only child of the H. W. Ransoms, of Forrest, Canberra, to Clifton Egarr, of Pukekohe, New Zealand. Shirley has given solo recitals as a member of the A.B.C. Melbourne singers. She met her husband during her recent trip abroad.

The white figured silk in the bride's frock came from Japan, and was worn with a veil from Paris. While the register was signed, noted baritone Russell Rix sang.

LOOKING forward to seeing her great-granddaughter Sarah once more is Lady Reading, who, with her daughter, Mrs. Bill Crossing, sails in the Oronsay for London on April 1. Sarah is the daughter of Major Michael Hawkins, assistant private secretary to the Duke of Gloucester, and Mrs. Hawkins, who have a house at Oakley, in Hampshire. This is an hour's drive from London, where Lady Reading and Mrs. Crossing have a flat until October.

BRIEFLY . . . After honeymooning in Honolulu and America, following their marriage in Sydney, Tim and Nea Wilder are settling into a home in Wallingford, Berkshire, England. Mrs. Wilder was Nea Gibson, of Cremona . . . Former music teacher at St. George Girls' High School, Lina Acton, now Mrs. Mervyn Baker, and her husband are living at Orange, after their marriage at St. Stephen's . . . Marie de Baun, daughter of Justice and Mrs. de Baun, of Clifton Gardens, has begun an Arts course at the University.

Anna



DISTINGUISHED PIANIST Walter Gieseking chats with the president of the Arts Council, Mr. C. R. McKerihan, and Margaret Gustafson at the At Home given for him by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans.



AT RECEPTION. Alan Shelley Parker and his bride, formerly Anne McIntosh, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. M. McIntosh, of Lindfield, at the Pickwick Club after their wedding at Shore Chapel.

The soft wool dress has



● Grey wool one-piece has long cuffed sleeves and soft bodice cut in one piece. Darts shape the skirt. The beret-type hat is matched to the dress. Model by Dior.

● Featherweight wool dress by Nina Ricci has a bell skirt and hand-sewn tucks to form bodice and skirt yoke. A double row of tiny buttons accents the bodice.

● Fath's green jersey dress has a slim silhouette, broken by a wrapped skirt and crossed and draped bodice-top. At the waistline a very wide black suede belt is worn.

● One-piece styled with intricate shoulder seaming, tiny Chinese collar, and an important hipline. The skirt is held out with a wide, stiff petticoat. By Jeanne Lanoué.

new shape and detail

● Elegant one-piece by Gres made in flannel, at right, has a tatieta plastron and tiny standing collar tied with a narrow velvet ribbon bow. Welled joining is a feature of the bell-shaped skirt, for newness the dress is worn over a rustling petticoat.

● Cross-over draped neckline, raglan sleeves, and slim skirt are combined in the red, soft wool dress, centre right. A good dress to wear under a town coat. Note new below-waist double-buttoned front skirt fastenings. Model by Schiaparelli.

● Gathers at the waist fan out into a full spread skirt for the one-piece model by Italian designer Pirovano, far right. The dress has a soft shirtmaker top, finished with large twin pockets. The just-above-wrist-length cuffed magyar sleeves are very chic.

● Soft one-piece, below, is made in angora wool. Fullness from a deep shoulder yoke and cuffed three-quarter-length sleeves are features of the dress. The model buttons from waist to neckline. The moderately wide skirt has a low-placed pleat at the back.



It lay four years
in snow and ice...



..yet the watch still went!

Such was the fantastic adventure of a tiny CYMA lady's watch lost on the mountains of Norway in 1944. Scorching sun blazed down on it... torrential rains and terrible storms swept over it. In winter it was buried in deep snowdrifts until the spring thaws uncovered it again.

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CYMA—ON TIME ALL THE TIME

The Socks of Mr. Potterhew

Continued from page 9

GATHERING all his commonsense to combat not only Mrs. Watts' but also his own deep anxiety, Mr. Potterhew said, "She's probably waiting for the storm to pass."

"But it's well after eight!" Mrs. Watts pointed out. "Oh, I do hope the poor dear child isn't coming through this storm," she added. "With that bicycle of hers, too! She'll probably be struck like the telephone exchange!"

And then the rain broke, a tearing deluge of water that emptied itself out of the angry sky, pelting the hot earth, the waiting trees with as much noise as though it were falling on a piece of corrugated iron.

"Safer now," Mr. Potterhew shouted. "Not so much danger of anything else being struck. If I were you," he added, waving the aspirin bottle at Mrs. Watts, "I'd take some myself. Soothing!"

Mrs. Watts accepted the aspirin and backed out of the door. "Thank you," she shouted. "Thank you so much, dear Mr. Potterhew. Of course I must run along to poor little Elise. I should never have left her so long alone in this — this awful storm."

But he didn't hear her. He was busy shutting his windows and wiping the drifts of rain that already lay on the sills and the floor. Busy, too, trying to push the fear out of his mind and his heart. Mary! What had happened to her? Where could she be in all this?

He thought of yesterday evening, of Elise telling her aunt in that high, excited voice of hers that she "just knew" Doctor Hartley was going to ask her to that dance on Saturday.

"Silly old idiot, that's me!" he told himself gruffly. "Imagining things!" And suddenly he was angry, wishing he could make as much fuss and noise and bluster as the storm outside.

He was glad when Mr. Smithers poked his cheerful face round the door, calling, "Thought I'd better make sure you weren't having hysterics like our dear little Elise!"

"Come on in," said Mr. Potterhew thankfully. Mr. Smithers trotted to the windows and tilted an experienced eye at the sky. "Won't be long now. The wind's changing, and Mary'll be able to get home."

"But it's well after eight," Mr. Potterhew said. He felt he sounded like Mrs. Watts, and could have kicked himself.

"Quarter to nine, in fact," said Mr. Smithers. And Mr. Potterhew knew he shared his fear. "Did you finish this morning's crossword?" he added. "It's pretty well stumped me."

"All but the bottom left-hand corner," Mr. Potterhew answered. He fished in his pocket, bringing out a tattered piece of newspaper.

But what with the heat and one thing and another, it wasn't easy to concentrate.

"Phew! It's too hot to think," said Mr. Smithers, giving in suddenly. "But the rain's stopped. How about opening those windows?"

They flung them wide, sniffing gratefully at the scent of drenched grass and earth and leaves. Angry clouds billowed away to the east, but in the west stretched a band of turquoise-blue sky. The trees in

the orchard were bent low by the weight of the storm, yet already a bird was singing—a song of relief which Mr. Potterhew wished he could share.

"We could sit outside on the balcony," he suggested. "The chairs are wet, but we can sit on my mac."

It was then that he noticed his socks, spread as usual on Monday morning on the table to dry. The storm had soaked them to the last stitch. Oh, well, he thought resignedly, they'll just have to dry off tomorrow. And he dropped them, one by one, on to the balcony floor. No good bringing them into the room in that condition.

Quite suddenly then there were footsteps on the gravel path below, and both he and Mr. Smithers peeped shamelessly—then grinned silently and happily at each other.

It was Mary, and Doctor Hartley was with her. He was wheeling her bicycle. Before they reached the shed in which it was kept, however, he stopped.

"Mary," they heard him say gently, "I haven't had a chance to thank you properly. And you have been wonderful!"

"Oh, nonsense," came Mary's voice, dishearteningly brisk. "Anyone would have done the same."

JOHN HARTLEY contradicted Mary. "Only one girl in a million. The remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine would have been far too scared to risk that storm and fetch me from the Pettys' farm—then cycle back again, alone, while I dashed to that case," he said.

"You forget I know a little about first aid," said Mary, the self-sufficient.

"I do not," continued John Hartley's voice emphatically. "Nor do I forget that it's a frightening thing when someone boils up an appendix in the middle of an empty library. Nor do I think that cycling through a storm when the telephone was put out of action to break the news to the family that their son was being whisked off to hospital is a pleasant and easy task! I'm just thankful," he went on firmly, "that you stayed at the house till I arrived—in time to strap that bicycle of yours to the back of the car and bring you home in at least a dry condition!"

"I—" She hesitated and the listening Mr. Potterhew and Mr. Smithers had to strain their ears to catch her reply. "It was good of you to bother. But—you needn't have wheeled it right round here for me. I—I could have managed."

"You always can manage, can't you, Mary?" asked John deliberately.

She didn't answer that. Instead, she said "I'll put it away now."

"Not for a minute. I have something to ask you first." (Here Mr. Smithers gave Mr. Potterhew a dig in the ribs.) "You are the most self-sufficient girl I have ever met. Even more so than Nurse Watling. And even Nurse Watling," he added in a strangely angry voice, "admits to one

very human weakness. She is frightened of rats!"

Mr. Potterhew and Mr. Smithers listened to this odd and disappointing conversation with sinking hearts. Somehow it wasn't going the way they had expected.

John Hartley went on when there was no reply from Mary. "I have tried so hard to know you. Yet you seem so—so aloof. Particularly recently."

"Oh," she replied slowly. "I—see." But to Mr. Potterhew's and Mr. Smithers' way of thinking she didn't see at all, for she added quickly, "I really must put my bicycle away now and go in."

It was then that Mr. Potterhew, stepping quietly back and feeling his sudden socks beneath his feet, had an idea, an idea born of desperation—and Nurse Watling. He bent down, picked up one grey and soggy sock, and dropped it deliberately over the balcony.

The result was more satisfying than his wildest hopes—a stifled and essentially feminine little scream. John Hartley's voice saying suddenly and reassuringly, "It's all right, darling. It's quite all right." A sigh. A long and happy silence.

Then: "Oh, John! Was that really a rat? I—I know it's stupid, but I'm terrified of of them! Just—just like Nurse Watling," she added, learning fast.

Now John laughed. "It was too dark to see properly," he told her gently, "but one thing I do know. From now on I shall have the dearest affection for the things!"

Another long silence. Then, "But John—" (and now Mary proved herself to be thoroughly feminine after all) — "but, John, I thought... I mean, Elise..."

John's snort of contempt did Mr. Potterhew's heart good. "Elise! Did you really think I was falling for that clinging, helpless female? She made me want to run a mile from this place—but I couldn't do that, Mary dear, because you were here."

Long after this they heard Mary murmur, "I really must put that bicycle away!"

"Let me do it for you, sweet-heart."

And "Thank you, darling," said Mary. "I—I think I'll come, too. That rat may still be about."

In the now deserted night Mr. Potterhew and Mr. Smithers smiled triumphantly at each other.

"My 'rat' worked!" Mr. Potterhew cried gleefully. "Perhaps I should call it my 'water rat,'" he added, hearing again the satisfying squelch of his soggy sock.

Mr. Smithers laughed. "Bless my soul!" he chuckled. I almost yelped myself. Who would have thought," he added, eyeing his friend with open admiration, "that you could play Cupid so successfully."

"The storm's gone," said Mr. Potterhew suddenly, and glad to change the subject, for his eyes were filled with sentimental tears. "Cleared right away."

And, lifting his face to the star-studded night, his thoughts slipped gently, serenely down the years to Janet—then back into the happy present, where the earth smelled deliciously, idiotically, like rich fruit-cake.

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Staisweet Stay as sweet as you are with Staisweet The Deodorant you can trust Staisweet FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin swell and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the sides of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with Staisweet. American Hospital, Discovery called Nixaderm. Nixaderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 26, 1952

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

Cocktail and afternoon fashions for 1952 include a one-piece with a simple bodice and wide skirtline. This fashion item answers the reader whose letter appears below as well as similar requests from others in the same age group.

"WOULD you sketch me a frock suitable for a young woman in her early thirties? I am making it myself, so need a paper pattern in size 34in. bust measurement. The frock will have to be my best for some seasons. I want to make it in a moire silk or taffeta."

The design for your late day and later dress is illustrated at right. You will find it simple to make and pleasant and flattering to wear, and it is suitable for either taffeta or moire. The skirt is moderately wide but not exaggerated. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The price is 4/6. The panel on this page will tell you where and how to order.

Adaptable suit

"THIS winter I am buying myself a new outfit and can't decide whether to get a frock or a suit. I feel a frock would be more useful. Please give me your opinion."

I advise a suit. From my own experience I find a suit pays more dividends in good grooming and can adapt itself to more situations than any other article of clothing. Decide on a dark color. Charcoal-grey and a deep rich brown are both currently popular.

Formal blouse

"I AM making myself an evening blouse in silk taffeta. I have noticed big sleeves are fashionable and wondered if you could suggest something new."



ONE-PIECE DRESS in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

The "puffed-up" formal evening sleeve and a flaring "wheel" sleeve are two extremes in sleeve fashions you could consider for your blouse. The former has puffed-up fullness at the shoulder line, the latter could be interpreted by a circle of accordion pleats.

Evening style

"I AM in my late forties and would appreciate your advice on an evening frock. I have blue eyes, fair hair going a little grey, and a fresh complexion."

For the mature woman, I don't think there is anything more becoming than lace. Have the dress made in slate-

grey over matching marquise and use the same shade of taffeta for the slip. Have the bodice cut on fairly fitted lines with a square-cut decolletage and have a tiny matching bolero. The full skirt falls from a fitted hip yoke.

Feminine suit

"COULD you help me with an idea for a winter suit? I am 19, and am considered to have a good figure. Feminine clothes appeal to me."

A feminine suit that is very popular this year has a bell skirt and short jacket. The skirt can be flared or pleated. Pleats are slightly newer than flares. Have the skirt taffeta-lined or wear it with a stiffened petticoat. By the way, tweed is one of the most popular suit materials.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 4/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE. C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.



"I'll never forget the joy on Grandpa's face when he actually heard the birds singing in his garden again."

"The birds were singing in the tree and Grandfather heard them clearly — even though they were behind his back. Grandpa doesn't 'see' his sounds any more."

family who is hard-of-hearing, why not write for the "Acousticon" booklet which tells them all about this modern wonder.

Then, should they wish, they can try the "Acousticon" for themselves. In almost as a miracle to people resigned to living in an echo world where sounds are only a memory. It actually restores hearing for almost every degree of deafness. If there's someone in your

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"ACOUSTICON" HEARING AID

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500 George St. SYDNEY; 42 Scott St. NEWCASTLE; 203 Collins St. MELBOURNE; 474 Sturt St. BALLARAT; 175 North Terrace, ADELAIDE; 111 Elizabeth St. BRISBANE; 78 Harrington St. HOBAIT; 41 Brisbane St. LAUNCESTON; 254 Murray St. PERTH.

Fashion FROCKS

"LOIS."—A smart suit designed with a trim jacket and sun-ray pleated skirt. The material is a lightweight British melange; the color choice includes grey, blue, green, and brick-red.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 103/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 106/9. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 81/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 84/3. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"ELVENA."—An attractive blouse featuring a lattice trim. The material is rayon spun; the color choice includes white, blue, beige, grey, yellow, and tan.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/6; 36 and 38in.

bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

"BONNY."—Small girl's panties obtainable in white flannelette.

Ready To Wear Only: Sizes, 2yrs., 4/6; 3 to 4yrs., 4/11; 5 to 6 yrs., 5/3; 7 to 8 yrs., 5/9. Postage and registration, 6d. extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 45.

A Bright and Healthy Home in every tin!



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WASH AS WOOL—
IF IT SHRINKS, WE REPLACE



These days, with quality established as the keynote of wise shopping, the insistence is definitely on these famous names with their background of skilled craftsmanship. For with 'Viyella' and 'Clydella' go the knowledge that no effort has been spared to give the best possible in quality wear. For beauty that stays beautiful, for lasting, cosy comfort, for the things that really matter . . . you must insist on 'Viyella' or 'Clydella.' What's more, you'll be happy with your choice.



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WHEN the train slowed down outside the station, Lucy walked ahead of them to the door. She stood for one ghastly moment looking out before she jumped down on to the platform.

They were all there, strung out on the neat little country platform. Lucy felt Jeremy and Tom stop and stand quite still behind her. She straightened her shoulders and walked bravely away from them, letting them follow as soon as their shock would permit.

She took a deep breath, moved June's wheel-chair a little and intoned, "This is my sister June. My brother Max. My brother James. My sister Tessa. My brother Teddy. And his twin sister Ellen."

They all piped out their hallos. They were identically clean, identically excited, and identically shabby. Lucy really hadn't noticed how shabby till this moment.

At last she allowed herself to look at the bachelors, at the city men, at the playboy and the serious. Jeremy had his hand on June's chair. He was pushing it slowly. Tom stood awkwardly between Ellen and Teddy, the four-year-old twins.

They walked away from the station, led by Max and James, who called back directions.

They made a parade, and for a moment Lucy thought wearily, the Atwood family always parades. Never a walk down the street. Just the whole blessed army.

Even so, the quiet little place looked cool, clean, and

welcoming. It wrapped her, as it always had, in the feeling of home. She walked last, slowly, watching with a sort of fascination the way Ellen finally worked her hand into Tom's and Teddy reached to touch the shimmer of his gold wrist-watch.

Inexorably Tom came alongside her. Over the heads of the youngest he said dryly, "A quiet week-end in the country, eh?"

Lucy tried to smile. This was all wrong. She'd known it would be.

She increased the tempo of her steps, passed the centre of the parade, and drew abreast of June and Jeremy.

June was saying, her face grown to sweetness through pain and patience, "This is really my idea, Mr. Adams. Lucy told us such tales of her job and the bachelors"—she shook her head—"I shouldn't have said that. But you're like a legend to us—you and Mr. Stevens."

Jeremy muttered, "Stevens and Adams. Sounds like a juggling team."

June laughed.

Lucy said, "June is our major-domo. She controls the army and sends them about their duties. We have a daily housekeeper, too, of course. But at week-ends it's just us."

Jeremy looked at Lucy. "Quite a remarkable band," he smiled. "I was one of six myself. All married now, of course. My mother and father have a whole farm to themselves these days. Lonely, too, they say. As your parents will find out."

Lucy and the Bachelors

Continued from page 4

Lucy took her second deep breath. "My parents are dead, Jeremy," she explained tonelessly.

He gulped. "No," he cried, in a whisper. "Oh, no!"

June lifted her voice to him. "But we manage. Especially now that Lucy has such a fine job. I'm fifteen, you see, and Max is twelve and James nine. They really help. And even though Tessa is only six and a half she's wonderful with Teddy and Ellen. We keep trying to convince Lucy that our daily help is a luxury she can't really afford."

Jeremy said bleakly, "And then, of course, you have Lucy every week-end."

"Of course," said June complacently.

The crocodile came to a stop. Lucy stood quietly, feeling Jeremy's strength on one side of her and Tom's length on the other. The old house, mellowed stone peering through the great trees, looked its age and its heritage.

Jeremy said, not with enthusiasm, "It's a beautiful place, Lucy."

Tom's dark voice came out thoughtfully. "If you don't get that chimney re-pointed you're in for real trouble."

Max cried out, "Let's have some food. I'm starved."

James lifted his angular little neck. "I pulled the lettuce, Lucy, like you told me."

Tessa, the quiet one, said, "I laid the table in the back garden. It's all ready."

Lucy beamed at them all. She thought, The devil with

young men and what they think. These are mine and I'm taking care of them. There are lettuce because I planted them, and the lawn is mowed because Max loves me, and Tessa learned to lay a table properly because I taught her.

She hurried up the curving drive past the wide front door which nobody used, through the gate of the high brick wall and to the back door. The smell of home came to her.

In her room she shed the carefully tended city clothes, put on a linen skirt and a bulky clean white shirt that had been her father's. She ran back down the stairs again, feeling herself for the first time with these two men the person she really was.

From the top of the stairs she saw Tom, his coat off, his slim back towards her. His head was hidden in the cavern of the fireplace. Max and James leaned forward with him.

"Just as I thought," his muffled voice came to her. "Nests all the way up."

Lucy tried not to stop, but she had to find out. "What can we do for them?"

Tom's face had a little question mark of grime on one cheek when he turned. "Get a long pole. Poke from down here. Then get on the roof and poke from up there."

Lucy said, "I'll try to find a man."

Tom's head swung back into the fireplace. "You've got a man."

"But Jeremy—" she started.

Please turn to page 39

As I read the Stars

By EYE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Beginning the study of a new chapter may not be easy. March 29 could be a test of your ability to stick it out. March 31 for an easier time.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): March 28, especially in the morning, could be a gift. March 31 is likely to tempt you into reckless extravagance. Count the cost first, but if it's for the marriage partner it's well spent.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Be cautious on March 26, a danger signal for Gemini. Mistakes in judgment, whether driving a car or signing a paper, will be serious. Hold everything until March 31.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Don't pick March 26 for asking a favor of the boss; March 27 is the right moment. March 30 promises outings. You'll enjoy them best if you study others' happiness.

LEO (July 23-August 22): March 30 has a rainbow in the sky bearing Leo colors, but April 1 may burst upon you with dramatic suddenness, calling for snap decisions under stress.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Guard your money and belongings carefully on March 26. Loss through theft or carelessness may be impossible to replace. March 31 favors business affairs generally.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): If you're thinking of stepping out, there couldn't be a better day than March 28. Librans are off to a good time, but March 31 may bring Mondayitis.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Flu, colds, nervous strain, digestive upsets may mar March 29 unless you guard your health. March 31 for a bit of good news.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Put your running shoes on, there's a prize worth competing for in the offing. March 31 climaxes a dashing interlude with the winning ticket.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Changes at home, possibly in the family circle, are likely to be a feature. If you are under pressure on March 26 you'll find things easier on March 30.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Friends, neighbors, relatives may be difficult on March 26, but it's only a tempest-in-a-teapot, which should spend itself by March 28.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Better balance that ledger before it overbalances you. Make a budget and stick to it. March 31 for new projects.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



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Arrow Dart features the new Dart collar, specially constructed to give life-long wear... it never wilts and needs no starch. Dart is tailored to the MITOGA design (shaped to follow a man's contours) from the finest quality "SANFORIZED" fabric (shrinkage less than 1%). Its smooth texture irons up like satin and the tailor-stitched seams will not pucker or wrinkle. The stronger buttons on Dart are anchor-stitched to stay on... and another entirely new feature: You can buy Arrow Dart in various sleeve lengths.



1. New DART Collar—specially constructed for "life-long" wear.



2. Mitoga shape for perfect fit and easy ironing.



3. Various sleeve lengths for each neck size.



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1 **MARINES** serving in a crack fighter-plane squadron during World War II are told by their new commander, Major Dan Kirby (John Wayne), extreme left, that his policy is strict, impartial discipline irrespective of personal feelings at all times.



2 **POPULAR** Captain Carl Griffin (Robert Ryan), centre right, is disappointed that he was not given command. But he supports new C.O., encouraging the men to accept him.

FLYING LEATHERNECKS



3 **FIGHTING** at Guadalcanal, the squadron suffers heavy losses, but Kirby never relaxes discipline. Although loyal, Griffin begins to resent his harshness because of the minor irritations that it causes.

ALTHOUGH many films have honored the U.S. Marines, R.K.O.'s "Flying Leathernecks" is the first to centre attention on the small but vital flying division.

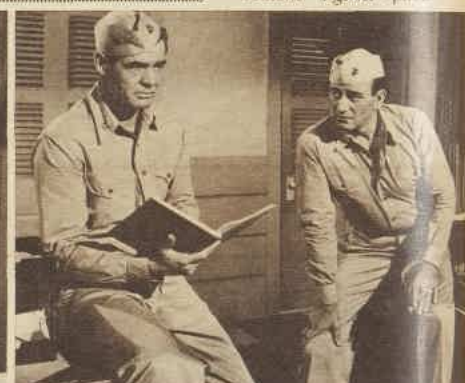
A comparatively recent addition to the 177-year-old Marine Corps, the Marine Air Arm was formed in 1912 and saw its first action in France during World War I. "Flying Leathernecks" deals with its more advanced service in such historic World War II campaigns as Guadalcanal, Wake Island, Leyte, and Iwo Jima.



4 **BAD FEELING** flares when Kirby court-martials disobedient fighter-pilot.



5 **HOME** to visit his wife, Joan (Janis Carter), and son before being transferred to an instructor's post, Kirby regretfully decides against recommending Griffin to succeed him as commander because he lacks the necessary impartiality.



6 **DISAGREEING** and disappointed with Kirby's decision, Griffin is openly hostile when they meet later at a marine base. Soon they both rejoin old squadron for Pacific action.



7 **TOUGH** ensuing campaigns gradually teach Griffin to value Kirby's method of administration. He shows his new attitude when, for the sake of a concerted attack, he stops a pilot from saving one man.



8 **LEAVING** on another transfer, Kirby recommends that he be succeeded by Griffin, who, he says, will now make a perfect commander. With all grudges forgotten, the two men arrange to meet when war ends.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 26, 1952

Esther Williams

★ Decorative actress-mermaid Esther Williams swims according to Navy regulations in "Skirts Ahoy" (M.G.M.). In the film she plays the role of a W.A.V.E. stationed at a Naval Training Station.



HONEST OPINIONS ON LIFE IN THE WOMEN'S SERVICES

Three servicewomen speak for themselves

Young women endowed with the qualities for which Australians are pre-eminent—initiative, versatility and ambition, combined with a sense of responsibility to their own country, will find no finer career than serving Australia in her Women's Defence Services. Read what three typical young Australians have to say about Service life, conditions, comradeship and the valuable training.



WRAN-Telegraphist

Shirley M. Batten says:—

"I'm very happy about joining the Navy—already I've had a trip to Melbourne and now I'm at Canberra. When I finish my training I hope to travel further and see more of Australia—that will suit me fine, as I like changes and meeting people. I like the life, too—I've made many good friends, there is plenty of sport, and leave is good. Also I feel that I'm doing my small part to help Australia. I can heartily recommend Service life."



Private Royda Jaques says:—

"I'm thrilled with life in the W.R.A.A.C. and wouldn't change it for civilian life again. I was secretary to the Factory Manager of a large bathing suit company, where conditions were excellent and the work most interesting. However, I'm even happier in the W.R.A.A.C. where I feel I'm doing an important job for Australia. There's a spirit of comradeship in the W.R.A.A.C. that you don't find anywhere else and I've made some wonderful friends, and seen something of Australia. Service life suits me fine."

A.C.W. Sylvia Cooke says:—

"During the war in England I saw a lot of Service girls and the grand job they did for their country. When I arrived in Australia, I obtained a position as a stenographer, but when I saw that W.R.A.A.F. were being enlisted, I jumped to it. I have never regretted the decision. They are all a grand lot of girls, and the conditions are A1. My rank is A.C.W. (Air-craft Woman) and I am a Clerk General."



There's no doubt about it — for every girl with a determination to make a worthwhile career, a love of travel, and a genuine desire to help Australia, there's the ideal job in any of the Women's Services. Good-fellowship, first-rate training, and all the Service benefits of free clothing, accommodation, medical and dental care, etc., make Service life the best of all from every point of view. And of course, Service pay and gratuities offer great financial security — something to be carefully considered in these uncertain days.

WRANS (Women's Royal Australian Naval Service):

Unmarried women between the ages of 18 and 40. Ex-service-women to 45.

WRAAC (Women's Royal Australian Army Corps):

Unmarried women, or widows without children, between 18 and 30. Ex-servicewomen to 35, ex-N.C.O.'s to 38.

WRAAF (Women's Royal Australian Air Force):

Unmarried women, or widows without children, between 18 and 35 (ex-WAAF to 37).

HELP AUSTRALIA! JOIN THE WOMEN'S SERVICES

The Navy — The Army — The Air Force

For full details apply to the Navy, Army or Air Force Recruiting Officer at any of the following addresses:—

New South Wales: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, Beach Road, Edgecliff, Sydney.

Victoria: Combined Recruiting Depot, cnr. Flinders and Degraves Streets, Melbourne.

Queensland: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, Scottish Union House, 127 Eagle Street, Brisbane.

South Australia: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, Richards Building, 99 Currie Street, Adelaide.

Western Australia: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, 34 King Street, Perth.

Tasmania: WRANS only: Franklin Wharf, Hobart. WRAAF only: Anglesea Barracks, Davey St., Hobart.

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Figure discipline begins with these clever little curve coaxers, in two-way stretch "Power Miracle", the guaranteed non-run mesh, in junior girdles or pantee girdles—both sudable.

8038: New! Different! A "Power Miracle" girdle with embroidered satin front panel. In tea-rose or white. Small, Medium and Large. Approx. Price 33/6.

9155: Matching uplift bra in lustrous satin. Embroidered under cups. Tea-rose or white. Sizes 32-36. Approx. Price 14/6.

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Amami Wave Set

Such short notice for a party... but still time for an Amami "quick-set." Just comb in Amami Wave Set, pin in your curls and leave till the last moment. You'll be thrilled with the sleek waves and "natural" curls—even in so short a time. It's the special "quick-drying" ingredient that does the trick. Non-greasy, non-dulling—that's Amami Wave Set.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Only the Valiant

PLAYING a martinet captain of a U.S. cavalry unit which quells rampaging Apache Indians with the help of the Gatling gun, in Warner's "Only the Valiant" Gregory Peck gives a standard character the added virtues of intelligence and subtlety.

The plot has Peck's friend and junior officer Gig Young mauled to death by Apaches while on patrol. The cavalry post wrongly suspects that Peck engineered the patrol out of jealousy over Barbara Payton.

Volunteering for a suicide sortie aimed at delaying a threatened Indian attack until reinforcements arrive, Peck details a handful of men to accompany him. Instead of the usual heroic characters, he deliberately selects grudging men who resent him for personal reasons.

Tension is generated as emotions flare in the suffocating heat within the bare walls of a ruined fort while the men meet and repulse the Indians.

It is a pity that the film's general merit is somewhat marred by the theatricality of one or two of the minor characters, particularly that of Lon Chaney as a half-mad trooper who is determined to kill the captain.

In Sydney—Regent.

★★ Too Young to Kiss

LIGHT and likeable, M.G.M.'s romantic comedy "Too Young to Kiss" is a schoolgirl's dream of a love story.

Crisply and handsomely the film relates the adventures of a young woman pianist who has Carnegie Hall talent but cannot prove it until she brings personal enterprise to bear.

June Allyson is the girl of the film title who masquerades as a 13-year-old pianist-prodigy of impresario Van Johnson.

June looks remarkably young lots of the time, and behaves with appropriate naivete.

The hoax leads to some funny complications, but June and Van overcome problems in approved style.

In Sydney—St. James.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Blue Veil," drama, starring Jane Wyman, Richard Carlson, Charles Laughton. Plus featurettes.

EMBRASSY.—★ "Tales of Hoffmann," musical fantasy based on Offenbach's opera, starring Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, Robert Rounsville. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Bitter Rice," Italian melodrama, starring Silvano Mangano, Victor Gassman, Doris Dowling. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★ "Nightmare Alley," underworld melodrama, starring Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, Colleen Gray. Plus "Thunderbirds." (Both re-releases.)

PARK.—★ "The Racket," crime melodrama, starring Robert Mitchum, Robert Ryan, Elizabeth Scott. Plus "Dynamite Pass," a Tim Holt Western.

PLAZA.—★★ "Dallas," Western adventure, starring Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman. Plus "Prisoners in Petticoats."

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Rhubarb," sporting comedy, starring Ray Milland, Jan Sterling. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Only the Valiant," U.S. Cavalry drama, starring Gregory Peck, Barbara Payton, Ward Bond. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Too Young To Kiss," romantic comedy, starring Van Johnson, June Allyson. (See review this page.) Plus "Calling Bulldog Drummond," mystery, starring Walter Pidgeon.

VARIETY.—★★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama of women's D.P. camps, starring Simone Simon, Valentina Cortese, Francoise Rosay. Plus "Over the Moon."

VICTORY.—★ "Flame of Araby," Eastern fantasy, starring Maureen O'Hara, Jeff Chandler. Plus "Meet Danny Wilson," musical, starring Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"The Flaming Feather," technicolor Western, starring Sterling Hayden, Barbara Rush. Plus "Wild Harvest," outdoor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour. (Re-release.)

CIVIC.—"Fury At Furnace Creek," Western, starring Victor Mature, Colleen Gray. (Re-release.) Plus "Boomerang."

LIBERTY.—"The Unknown Man," mystery, starring Walter Pidgeon, Ann Harding, Barry Sullivan. Plus "Callaway Went That-a-Way," comedy, starring Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Maguire.

MAYFAIR.—"Force Of Arms," wartime romance, starring William Holden, Nancy Olsen. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Three Secrets," modern melodrama, starring Eleanor Parker, Ruth Roman, Frank Lovejoy. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—"Mask of the Avenger," period adventure, starring John Derek, Jody Lawrence, Anthony Quinn. Plus "Purple Heart Diary."

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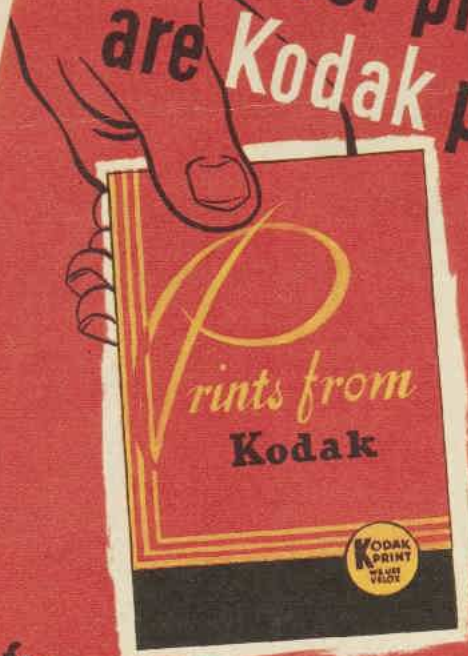
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MUTTERING sounds reverberated up the fireplace, although they were indistinct and blasphemous. They ended with, "Blast Jeremy."

Lucy walked in unseen dignity to the kitchen.

Jeremy's coat was off and his sleeves were rolled up.

"I put the biggest saucepan on," he said to her footsteps. "Water for that many potatoes takes a long time to boil."

Lucy stood close to him. "Thank you, Jeremy," she said warmly.

"Think nothing of it. There's a certain amount of physical labor involved in feeding a mass meeting like this." He sighed. "I know from experience. Where are the potatoes?"

They worked companionably except that Jeremy sighed a lot, like a fat woman doing housework on feet that hurt. He was an artist with potatoes. The skins came off in circled peelings like long brown curls. Tessa couldn't get over it. Neither could Freddy and Ellen.

Jeremy cried at last, "Now be off, for goodness' sake. You're hindering, not helping."

They stopped abruptly, small faces raised to see if he meant it. His eyes were cold, blue, and impersonal. They went out, hushed, sober.

Lucy said, "They need discipline, the little ones. I haven't got much time."

Jeremy stated, "They need a man."

Lucy stared out of the window. In the doorway of the tool shed Tom squatted over Max's bicycle. He had found—or the boy had—a pair of Lucy's father's old trousers. His shirt was off and his skin looked dark and very smooth in the sun. His hands, on the chain, seemed to know what they were doing. All the family

Lucy and the Bachelors

Continued from page 33

clustered round him. Even June had pushed her chair close. Max's bicycle was serious business—a source of revenue, through papers and errands.

Lucy looked back into the kitchen. "I suppose they do," she agreed softly.

"Preferably one with plenty of this world's goods," Jeremy stated shortly. He carried the steaming dish of potatoes carefully out of the back door.

Lucy thought about it as she followed with the salad, as she made repeated trips with Jeremy for the cold sausages, the mustard, and fruit-cake. While they were eating, in the welter of laughter and shrill young voices, she thought about it.

Somehow, Jeremy's eye was impossible to catch. He sat at the end of the table eating steadily, looking at the house, the children, his plate, everywhere but at Lucy.

Jeremy offered when the meal was finished, "I'll help with the washing-up."

Tom just flicked a glance at Lucy. "The boys and I have some weeding to do in the garden," he said.

Jeremy was a good dish drier. Tessa washed for him, standing on the little box Max had made for her. Lucy was piling clothes into the white soap foam in the copper.

"I'm sorry," she apologised. "But if this doesn't get done we are tattle-tale grey all next week."

Jeremy polished a plate. "My mother," he ruminated, eyes set on the cupboard, "washed three times a week. There was always an ironing-board set up in the pantry. My father never had a chance to sit down and read a book, hardly a newspaper. He had to work from six in the morning till ten at night to keep

up with the expenses. He was an old man at forty."

Lucy clucked.

"I had to chop the wood, plant the tomatoes, sell them in the market town, do my school work, walk three miles there and back—"

Lucy murmured, "Did you really?"

Jeremy sighed again. "And the noise. And never any privacy—"

Lucy said loudly. "Tomorrow we will all go to church. We will come home and the kids will run wild and there'll be a big dinner to cook, and a million plates to wash, and just when we get them done everybody will come running in, hungry all over again. It's a hard life—"

She kept her eyes on the copper. "It is," Jeremy sympathised. "You have no idea how shocked I am. How sorry—"

Lucy said, quiet and gentle, "You can't live on crunchy snow and Christmas tinsel, can you, Jeremy?" She went on, still soft, "You really should get those editorials written to-morrow, don't you think? There's a train this afternoon at five-thirty." She smiled.

The weeds in the bean rows were gone, with new soil taking their place. The children were gone, too. Lucy walked abstractedly through the garden, down the narrow paths, through the trees to the stream. They were all there.

Tom was on his knees again, this time piling rocks up against the place where the stream narrowed, ignoring the cold, bright water that swirled around his legs.

James called, "Tom says if we block this up we've got a swimming-pool."

Max called, "Then we're going to build a raft."

Tom said, "I said to-morrow for the raft. After church."

Lucy said, "You don't have to go to church."

Tom swung round a little, a flat rock in his hand. "Of course I don't," he agreed. "But I'd like to meet the vicar."

For some reason Lucy's heart began to beat alarmingly. Tom stood up. "Take over, Max," he ordered. "Next week-end," he said, "I can get some cement for those chimney stones. It won't take fifteen minutes to straighten them."

Lucy was so involved with her palpitations that his words seemed to come to her in waves.

"Over there," Tom went on, pointing, "would be a wonderful view of the valley if we just cut down about four trees. By winter the wood will be dry enough for the fireplace."

Lucy swallowed her breath. "You seem to be doing a lot of planning," she managed throatily.

Tom nodded. "Jeremy left yet?"

Lucy looked up, surprised. "He will," she said. "By five."

Tom said, "Let us go for a walk till ten past five, then. I promised the kids pancakes for supper. Got enough milk?"

Lucy found her steps matching his.

It was cool. It was quiet. Lucy knew it was quiet. She'd been there before. But the roaring in her ears belied her knowledge.

After a while Tom said, "Trouble with Jeremy is that he doesn't like children."

Lucy swallowed again. "Do you—like children, Tom?"

Tom stared straight ahead.

Beauty in brief:

For fading tan

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Fading suntan creates a seasonal beauty problem for those who are left to cope with a yellowish tinge to the complexion.

ONE way to speed up the process of bleaching this color and encouraging a smooth surface is to massage some circulation cream into the face and neck. This type of preparation contains properties which whip the blood to the surface and so reduces discoloration.

Strained lemon juice, thickened milk, and diluted peroxide are also mildly bleaching if used.

To get rid of those flakes of dry skin that are left when suntan begins to fade, it's helpful to massage the skin with a mixture of cold cream and table salt, blended until it is of paste consistency.

To soften the skin follow with an oil massage, or make a soothing beauty mixture by mixing a little oil with your face cream.

"Never had anybody to play with before, Lucy," he said slowly. "Never a chick nor a child."

Warmth rushed to Lucy's cheeks in a glowing sweep.

Tom slowed his walk to a careless saunter. "You'd have to work for a while," he meditated. "But I've already got my book started. It's going to be a good one." His voice was light but it wasn't quite steady. "I bring you no dowry, darling," he said. "Only myself and my two lily-white hands."

For a moment Lucy saw, with amazement, those hands pushing a pole up the fireplace, knocking together the links of the bicycle chain, pulling the garden weeds, piling the rocks in the stream.

Then she saw them in reality, as they came out of Tom's pockets and reached towards her. She lifted her glance to his eyes. They were

dark beyond darkness, and there was no gay light in them.

"I'd like three children, please," he said solemnly, as if he were ordering a cocktail.

"Three!" Lucy gasped.

"With all these—"

"In a household as large as this," Tom said grandly, "they will be hardly noticed."

Max's voice came ringing down the narrow path to them.

"Hey, Lucy," he yelled. "Do you know—Mr. Adams is going!"

"Let him go," Lucy called dreamily to Max.

Tom kissed her. This time it was not gay. This time it was not meaningless. This time it was to be taken seriously. It was also fun.

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AFTER a while, the man who had been making heavy purchases of provisions came out of the little store. Martin saw him out of the corner of his eye and sank back on the bench, watching him, but still thinking of Dawn's remark. He had put his purchases into a sugar-bag slung over his shoulder.

Now he turned off between the store and the station building, following a path over the rough stone surface leading towards the rows of houses. Then he was gone and Martin sat reading the post-and-telegraph sign on the station building.

He began wondering whether Connors had contacted Steve yet to check up the lame camel story. It wouldn't be easy getting in touch, and perhaps Connors wasn't worrying about that angle yet. What Connors was doing about the counter he hadn't been told.

Dawn had been so frank and communicative, he hesitated over asking her too many questions. He thought wryly that in the cities the suspect had the advantage; he could read about the theories and investigations in the papers. But the desert bulletin, which was still being produced, hadn't even run the murder yet.

In silence they sat there and time passed. The storeman locked up and the gossipers drifted away. The stationmaster stayed open for business which, in the circumstances, was pretty flat except in the telegraphic department. The train passengers had given him plenty to do telegraphing amended itineraries. Then Dawn stirred. She said briefly, "That's all for tonight."

Martin picked up her parcel without a word and stood up. She would not show her disappointment, but it would be there. He looked down at her, but her face, as he had noticed several times in the past two days, was a mask that could cover a dead heart.

They followed the path to the first row of houses. Some of them had little flower pots and green lawns, and through the screen doors they could see into the lighted rooms. Life in the desert, Martin thought, seemed very simple and uncomplicated, so unlike his at the moment.

When they left the street to cut across the bottom end of the landing ground, the desert seemed lonelier than it had before.

He looked across and saw the blurred shapes of the two planes standing near the fuel sheds, the small one farther out. The doctor flew alone, but the bigger one which had brought the detectives would have one pilot, perhaps two. As was the custom in the bush where property was respected, neither plane would have to be guarded against vandals.

The lights of the marooned train across the lake looked high and remote.

Suddenly Dawn turned to Martin. "I'm sorry, Mr. Stewart. It probably wasn't a very brilliant idea."

He looked down at her. She was going to make excuses, but not for herself. She was disappointed because of him. And, oddly, his reaction was to comfort her.

"It was a very good idea," he said stoutly, "only you can't

The Red Centre

Continued from page 5

always control the timing. It would be better if somebody were watching all the time."

She stopped, too. Faintly in the distance was the sound of a radio.

"I've thought of that, but—"

He knew what she left unsaid. Connors didn't have any faith in the Peter Holt angle and wouldn't arrange an all-round-the-clock watch. He said, "If you like, we'll go back and sit around till dawn."

She shook her head and started to move on. But he stayed, staring over towards the planes.

Over there he had caught what he thought was a brief flash of a torch against the fuselage of the doctor's plane, and more from interest than suspicion he waited for the flash to be repeated to satisfy his curiosity. He heard Dawn coming back, but he kept staring intently at the plane.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

"Wrong? No— And then he said, puzzled, "That plane seems to be rolling."

"An illusion," she said. "It's the same thing in the atmosphere that causes mirages during the day." She didn't even bother to look, and her voice was a little halting.

Martin said impatiently, "Well, check it yourself. It's turning now. Can't you see it?"

It was obvious now that the plane was being man-handled on a surface that had been cleared of loose stones but was still rough. It was moving jerkily, not getting a smooth roll.

"You're right," Dawn admitted. "The doctor must be making a night flight."

"If he were," Martin said, "wouldn't there be a few lights around? Wouldn't they check the air-beacon? And why would he move it like that when he could start the engine?"

She didn't answer. The plane was moving slowly away from the sheds, the distance gradually lengthening between it and the beacon tower.

"Somebody might be fooling around with it," he muttered. "Shall we go over and see?"

"Maybe it's the doctor. Perhaps the forecast is for high winds and he's pegging it down farther out."

"Could be, but it won't do any harm to check. Let's go."

The plane was stationary now, but when they had covered half the distance Martin saw the flicker of light again. He stopped short and turned to Dawn. "This is as far as you come. I'll do the rest."

She stopped, but she was prepared to argue. "But—"

"Look at it this way," he suggested tactfully. "It wouldn't be good sense for both of us to run our heads into trouble together. That's if it's around. If I run into trouble you can raise the alarm. I'd certainly like to know somebody would be doing that."

She looked at him hard in the starlight. But she said finally, "All right. I'll come on slowly."

He said "Okay," and moved off. In the war he had been a navigator and he knew which side the door would be. It was on the opposite side from his approach, and that suited him. He could round the tail, and if somebody was getting ready to take off he would have an element of surprise his way.

He looked back quickly when he was a few hundred yards away from the plane. He could just make out a white blur on the desert behind him.

His own khaki outfit would merge better with the night than Dawn's light sundress, and, if he crouched, his advantage would be greater. He was careful as he proceeded not to disturb any loose stones.

So far he had seen no movement and heard no sounds, but presently he made out two legs beneath the plane's fuselage. The man was standing at the door of the plane with the rest of his body concealed.

Martin thought, "If it's the doctor, somebody's going to have a red face." But he wasn't worrying about that. By now, he was pretty certain that something was afoot.

He stopped again within twenty yards, and as he did so the legs moved, shifting the weight of the body. Martin decided the fellow was leaning into the plane, working on something on the floor of the cabin. He could have been studying a map with a torch.

Provided he didn't look back towards the station just as Martin rounded the tail he would be completely trapped. Martin couldn't have wished for anything better.

He moved to the left to clear the tail, losing sight of the legs, but when he rounded the rudder and ailerons the man was gone. This stopped him dead, but then he heard a thumping noise as if somebody was moving around inside the plane. He shot to the door and stood to one side.

"All right," he called. "Come out of there."

He had no weapon and maybe the fellow would have a gun. He hadn't thought of that possibility. Now his mouth went dry and he crouched.

Then suddenly his legs were seized and jerked from beneath him, tipping him backward. His hands shot out wildly to grab the plane, but missed.

His head struck the earth, but in the moment before the stars fell out of the sky he saw the man kneeling beneath the plane, and felt very bitter over being trapped so simply.

As he lay there stunned he heard the roar of a motor, and stones which were picked up by the propeller stung him. It was like being peppered with buckshot.

He shielded his head and instinctively tried to move out of the slipstream and clear of the tail. A warning that the tail would strike him when the plane moved off began to ring in his head.

He was on his knees when the motor roared more deeply and the fin of the elevator caught him on the head. He fell on his face and stayed still.

Please turn to page 42

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



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The Red Centre

Continued from page 40

ALL the stillness of the desert seemed to be concentrated in the room in which Martin awoke. He gazed about him with dull-eyed interest and decided after a while that he was not in the compartment of the stranded train.

The door of the room was shut and the blinds drawn so that only a little sunshine came through the edges. Although he listened for a long time he could hear no sound of life within the building or without.

The walls of the room were white and looked extremely thick, the impression concrete blocks would give. There was a neat dressing-table against the wall behind the door. Finally he decided he was in a hospital.

His head was bandaged and it ached. He could remember the reason for this. It made him squirm to think back to that humiliation. He realised that he had lost a lot of cunning since the war. That's how you got, soft and dull.

He should have approached the plane on his belly, from a long way out. As it was, he must have been seen and the man had waited by the door and slid under the plane while he was going round the tail. He grimaced.

Presently he raised himself on his elbow and made a more detailed inspection of the room. He saw his swag lying in a corner, and he frowned at it. Somebody had gone to a lot of trouble in bringing it in from the train.

That suggested he would be in hospital for a while. He was still frowning at it when the door opened and the doctor put his head round it.

When he saw Martin on his elbow he came right in, closing the door. He said, "I thought it would take about this long."

Martin grunted. "How long?"

The doctor looked at his wristlet—watch. "Eighteen hours."

Martin lowered himself on his back.

"So it's about four," he calculated. "That's the time; now where's the place?" He nodded at the wall and flinched.

"This is the railway rest-house at Cook. It's the next best thing to a hospital."

"I surely don't need a hospital. I just got a whack on the head."

The doctor leaned against the wall. He grinned. "It was a good whack," he said. "What were you hit with?"

"First the landing ground and then the tail-plane," Martin raised himself again. "When can I get out of here?"

"In a few days, maybe. But what's the hurry?"

Look at it that way and there was no reason. Martin sank back and sighed.

The doctor said, "You're the guest of the railways here, and

that's better than being stuck in the train back there. There's practically every amenity here. Just take it easy, Stewart, and I might let you get up in two days."

Martin looked at him. "Does that mean I'm under your orders now?"

The doctor shrugged. "Please yourself. This is my territory and my practice. You could have a fractured skull, but you don't have to listen to me."

"All right," Martin growled. "But what if the train pulls out in the meanwhile—do I miss it?"

"It'll be two days yet before it goes. You might catch it if you take it easy."

"What about you? When do you go?"

"When I get another plane. My buggy was stolen, you know."

Martin considered this. He hadn't had time to wonder whether the plane had got off. He asked, "No chance of getting it back?"

"It might turn up somewhere in due course. It's a big country, but it isn't easy to hide a stolen plane."

Martin asked suddenly, "What does Connors think about it?"

"He's wondering," the doctor said, "whether you recognised the fellow who stole it."

"All I saw of him," Martin scowled, "was a pair of legs."

The doctor left the wall. He said, "I've got to tell Constable Lacey when you're ready to give a statement. Do you feel like making one now?"

Martin moved and winced. He grumbled, "If there's anything I can say, I'd much rather say it to Connors, though he isn't easy to talk to, either."

"Connors flew Miss Storey and the body to Port Pirie early this morning. From there he goes over to the rocket range at Woomera. He mightn't come back here."

"Oh," Martin murmured. "How is Miss Storey getting back?"

"She's returning on my spare plane."

"Didn't she have anything to say about the business?"

"She only saw the take-off."

It was just as well that Dawn had hung back, or she might have run into trouble, too. That was the only bit of sense he had shown, Martin reflected.

The doctor explained, "What actually happened was that when the engine started up Miss Storey ran to the houses to raise the alarm. She said that's what you told her to do. By the time we got out there the plane was only a noise out of the desert somewhere. We didn't find you for quite a while."

Martin said sourly, "That made Connors think I had cleared out, I suppose."

Please turn to page 43.



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P.13.17

PERHAPS Dawn

had thought that too, Martin reflected, and that was why he hadn't been found right away, because they had been half-hearted with the search. It made him feel bitter.

"It was mentioned," the doctor admitted. "When we couldn't find you at first, it seemed the only thing to think."

"I hope," Martin said suddenly, "you told Connors I had a probable fracture of the skull. That ought to satisfy him there was no collaboration."

"I should imagine he was impressed, Stewart. Shall we get the constable now?"

"Look! Constable Lacey won't tell me much. Will you answer a few questions before you go?"

"I'll do my best. I think I've told you quite a lot to date."

"You have. Now—who do they suspect stole the plane?"

"Connors hasn't much to go on there. He's out of luck again. All the passengers on the train are accounted for." He hesitated.

"It might have been Peter Holt, of course."

"But he can't fly."

"There could have been two of them on the sheep train, and they came on here by foot."

"That could be it. And there was a fellow in the store buying up tinned stuff. It could have been Holt's mate. I thought he was a swaggee."

The doctor nodded. "Miss Storey mentioned him, but she went off with Connors when he checked off the passengers, and she couldn't pick the chap. Incidentally," he added, "everybody on the train has been investigated now, and Connors has cleared them all."

"Does that include me?" There was sarcasm in Martin's voice.

"I don't know about you."

"Well, it doesn't matter just now. But this fellow buying at the store. The storeman would know whether he belonged to Cook or was just a swaggee."

"The storeman doesn't remember him. There were plenty of passengers buying during the evening. Connors went through the telegrams filed during the day just in case one

was handed in that would give a lead. I don't think he got much help there, though."

He moved towards the door. "I'll call Constable Lacey now."

Lacey came in alone. He used the dressing-table for a desk after having raised the blinds and caused Martin to blink painfully. Martin's statement wasn't very helpful or long. When he had finished, the constable sat tapping the dressing-table with his pencil, saying nothing.

Martin was irritated. He asked, "What's the position now? I mean, where do I stand with the police over this?"

The constable said formally, "Inspector Connors told me to let you know that you're free to go anywhere you like as far as he's concerned, Mr. Stewart."

Martin stared. He had not expected this.

"What does it mean? Am I cleared?"

"Inspector Connors knows where he can pick you up when he has anything to discuss," Lacey said. He folded up his notebook and put it away in his tunic. He wasn't as officious as on the first occasion, Martin noticed.

"It's a surprise," he said.

"What caused the change?"

"There isn't a change."

Lacey was a little stiff now.

"Inspector Connors hasn't completed his inquiries yet, and on the evidence so far he couldn't make an arrest." He stood up and strode to the door, where he turned. "He sent his sympathy, also, Mr. Stewart. He's sorry you got hurt."

When the door closed, Martin drew a deep breath of relief and astonishment. For the first time in close on a week he felt free. Although his head was split, or nearly so, he wanted to sing.

He was still feeling that way when Dawn returned at night and paid him a visit. She looked tired, and explained she would be spending the night with Constable Lacey's wife.

"Constable Lacey is waiting for me outside," she said. "He

told me you were doing all right, but I had to see for myself."

"I'm fine," he said. He had to remember not to sound too gay. Dawn coming back from her father's funeral, calling in on him to see how he was, that was something else, too, that made everything different.

"You seem to be out of luck, Mr. Stewart. You're getting caught up in everything that's happening."

He told her about Connors' message. She seemed to know about that. She gave him a brief smile and an encouraging little nod, and said good-night.

Martin's last visitor that day was the doctor, but he was on a purely professional errand. When he was through, he told Martin he would be leaving in the morning.

"You'll be all right," he said. "Your skull isn't cracked, although it came close to being fractured. Just take things easy and you'll have no trouble."

MARTIN smiled happily. "Thanks, Doc," he said. "Happy landings. Sorry you lost your buggy." And not unexpectedly he had a very good night's sleep.

He was dozing in the morning when Constable Lacey called. But he woke up fast when the policeman began to speak.

"Steve Bock rang me to-day. He was speaking on the railway line from back there where you boarded the train. He's got something he wants to talk over with you which he says is urgent. If you feel like it, the doctor said before he left you could go down to the station this evening and talk with him."

"Urgent?" Martin said.

"Did he say what it was?"

"It wasn't about the murder," Lacey said. "I asked him about that."

"I hope," Martin said quickly, "you checked on what I told Mr. Connors, too."

"That was done by Inspector Connors yesterday morning. He flew over before leaving for Port Pirie."

So that was what had caused Connors to ease up. Steve Bock had cleared up that point.

Martin said, "I'll talk to Steve any time. I feel good."

"I'll fix it for this evening," Lacey said. He opened the door. "I'll come over and help you down."

Martin had no visitors that morning or up to sundown. Dawn kept away. He thought she might be going through some reaction now, and because of that Martin's high spirits fell a bit flat.

Because of the suspension of traffic there were no comings and goings of train crews in the rest-house, and the quietness was almost too much for Martin.

The conductor, George, called after dinner. He brought the typed news bulletin and delivered some local items verbally.

"They'll be testing out the track to-morrow, Mr. Stewart. The water's down level with the rails now."

Martin stretched. "It shouldn't be long now, then."

"Some time to-morrow."

He promised to call over and pick up Martin's luggage when the train pulled into the station.

Dawn came along with Lacey. Martin walked between them down to the station, managing very well. He sat on the bench while the stationmaster got through to the station where Steve had been waiting all day. A boy went past with an old bath-tub over his head.

Dawn smiled after him. She asked the constable with friendly interest, "What will they do for excitement when the water goes?"

Lacey shrugged. "I don't know. Nothing happens here."

Martin thought, only murder, floods, aircraft thefts, and assault and battery. There wasn't much left to happen.

Then the stationmaster was calling to him and he went inside.

Steve's voice sounded clear and near. He asked, "How's your head, Martin; is it better?"

Martin said he was sorry he had kept Steve waiting.

"That's all right," Steve said, "as long as I knew the train was still hung up I was happy." He asked bluntly, "You interested in uranium, Martin?"

Martin had not expected such a question from Steve. He asked in surprise, "Whatever for?"

"You know there's an award out for uranium, don't you? Twenty-five thousand smackers."

"I read about it."

"You're a geologist. Ain't you interested in twenty-five thousand?"

"Steve," Martin said, "is that what you phoned me for? You don't think I'd be interested in a uranium search, do you?"

"I was hoping you would," Steve admitted. "But maybe you've been too busy to think about it. We heard it over the radio out at the station, and we came back fast to talk it over with you. You wouldn't pass up the chance of getting twenty-five thousand on a plate, would you?"

"I'm starting in a new job and I like it. I'd pass up anything for that."

"A job," Steve snorted, "you'd take years to make a pile out of a job. This is your chance. You're a geologist and you'd have the edge on the old hands. They don't know what to look for and we'd make a good outfit; we know where to take you. And you talk about a job." He sounded disgusted.

"And if we didn't find anything," Martin said, "I'd be down one good job and several months in time. Apart from all that, I couldn't finance it. I'm just a working man."

"Bill and me would take care of the outfitting. We've got

Nightclub queen of the tropics

FORTY miles north of Cairns, in the nearly dead gold-mining town of Port Douglas, a woman runs the only nightclub for 500 miles around.

She is Mrs. Constance Pennington, better known in Australian capitals and the Far East as Zelia Elgaro, the hula dancer.

The cooking—Chinese and English dishes—could earn her a quick fortune in the cities. Why did she pick on this outpost?

Thereby hangs a tale, told this month in A.M. for March, now on sale.

a bit stowed away in a sock and we'd split even on the profits."

"Look, Steve," Martin said firmly, "forget it. I'm sorry, but I can't afford to go out on a chancy thing like that." When Steve made a disgusted noise he added, "I've got other things on my mind, too. Did the police check up with you on me?"

"Yes," Steve growled, "I'm sorry now. I didn't put you in."

Martin laughed. He said, repeating a promise he had made earlier, "I'll be seeing you next Christmas, Steve."

"You'll be seeing us before then. We're coming on to Cook to work on you."

"You'll have to work fast. I'll be gone to-morrow sometime."

That stopped Steve, but he said doggedly, "We'll follow you to Adelaide then."

"You're wasting your time," Martin hung up, thanked the stationmaster, and went outside.

Dawn was seated on the bench alone. "Did you have a good talk?" she asked. "I had a good laugh," he said, sitting down beside her.

Please turn to page 44

SUNDOUR

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MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED CARLISLE ENGLAND

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 26, 1952

Page 43

She thought
she needed
"medicines"...
but it was
really



"HIDDEN HUNGER"

Doctors and
Nutrition
Experts
agree



that although we are blessed with an abundance of food, "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say also that you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day — and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger" and our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements. This means that while we may not feel actually ill, we are never really well — and seldom look our best.

Your children — and
"Hidden Hunger"



Do they suffer from "Hidden Hunger"? If they are faddy and pick and choose at their food then they are not getting the most good from the food you supply. They tend to tire easily... become "grizzlers" and fall behind. So give them Horlicks.

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"Hidden Hunger"



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Horlicks is a complete,
BALANCED FOOD.



needs every day to guard
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REFRESHING
SLEEP...

a cup of hot Horlicks before bed relaxes your body, soothes your nerves, and induces deep, restful sleep. Off you go... to replace lost energy and wake really refreshed.



DRINK
HORLICKS
and guard against

"HIDDEN HUNGER"

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RH-4

The Red Centre

Continued from page 43

DAWN looked her surprise, and Martin went on jocularly, "Steve put up a proposition. You'd never guess what it was. He'd heard about the uranium reward and wanted to go out after it, dragging me along." He laughed, because he considered it really humorous.

But Dawn said a surprising thing. "You didn't turn them down, did you?"

"I certainly did." "But why, Mr. Stewart? I like the sound of it. You'd make a good team, they with their knowledge of the outback, and you a geologist. That's the ideal combination and your chances of striking uranium would be rich."

He sobered completely. She was so much in earnest. He supposed it wouldn't sound so impossible to her, being her father's daughter.

Professor Storey was always going off into the bush with expeditions, exploring parties, and even with single guides. He dropped everything when he heard somebody was packing a camel string and heading for unknown parts.

"Maybe," he said slowly, "but I've got a lecture and laboratory post waiting, and if I start running wild it won't wait for me. Somebody else will jump it. And even if I were crazy about joining Steve — Anyway, I'm not tossing in my job for anything like that."

"But this seems to be a real opportunity," she said. "It's a big thing. If you found a useful deposit of uranium ore you'd be rich. Go on from there. The steps you take when you've done something. Fame. You'd go a long way further than you'll ever get lecturing students."

"And if we drew a blank it'd be the beach."

"That's no way to look at it, Mr. Stewart. I..." She stopped suddenly and drew back. He got the impression she had stopped herself in time from making an impulsive disclosure. Probably something about the Professor's activities on the north-west coast. Pure assumption that was, but that was the thought that leapt to his mind.

There was a silence and finally he asked conversationally, "Where did Lacey get to?"

"He went back. He thought you'd be all right."

Martin reflected on this. Lacey could have been diplomatic there, but for an officious policeman like Lacey that was too much to expect.

Still he had noticed that Lacey had become humanised in the past day or so.

He stole a look at Dawn. He had the thought that perhaps she had sent Lacey home. She was looking thoughtful, but the corners of her lips were lifted in a faint smile. When she caught his eye she gave a laugh.

"You know," she said, "I was just thinking what I would do in your place."

He knew what she would do. It irritated him to know what she was thinking of him. He said shortly, "Perhaps I'm no gambler."

He had taken chances in his time, during the war. But he couldn't go into that, nor explain that it was because of those chances that he now wanted above all security and a steady pace.

She said easily, "Sorry, Mr. Stewart. I'm not minding my own business. I won't do that again, I promise."

"That still leaves Steve. He's coming on after me."

She said, smiling, "I'll head him off."

"But you'll be gone too..." He stopped and his grin faded. He asked quietly, "or will you?"

"Not now," she said, "I want to meet these two old-timers. If they'll team with me, I'll go along."

"You," he said, startled. "Why not? I've got nothing else to do and I picked up a lot of geology from father. Enough to know what I'll be looking for."

Martin frowned. He wasn't sure just then whether he liked the idea any better. But it was none of his business and at least she couldn't have any better partners than Steve and Bill. And she was the right type to go into the outback.

Somewhat he felt Steve would do anything to have her go along with him. They knew where to look for any mineral except, perhaps, uranium, but with somebody along to advise them, they would be a good bet to clean up the jackpot.

Dawn was watching him. "Don't you like it, Mr. Stewart?" she asked, a challenge in her voice.

He said slowly: "It should work out all right. You'd find Steve and Bill good guides and fine fellows, and if you fix something between you I'll be wishing you all the best."

She stood up. "Thank you, Mr. Stewart. Shall we go now?" She was smiling.

To be continued

The Family Scrapbook

BY DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

THE group of high-school youngsters was quite unconscious that anyone else was around. As they sipped their sodas, 17-year-old Bill was holding forth: "And so I informed my sainted, white-haired mother that her ideas were definitely out of date," he said.

Had I not known Bill and his family I would have been sure that here was an impatient young man who deserved all the things that critical adults might say about him, but Bill and his mother have a very fine and companionable relationship.

He was talking to impress his companions as they were talking to impress him, and no one took it too seriously.

Growing youngsters have a need for feeling superior to other members of the family. It's a part of learning to think of themselves as self-sufficient



Creating an impression

persons. If they can take it out in sophisticated talk, so much the better. One can be certain that a little later Bill will say something like, "Mum is O.K. She knows what a fellow feels."

Such "smart-aleck" talk and behaviour can be irritating, but if we can understand what lies behind it we can usually take it in our stride.



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Virginia Mayo as
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stars use Lux Toilet Soap

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 202—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN AND MATINEE JACKET

The garments are clearly traced and cut out ready to make. The material is a good quality white flannelette. Size: Infants to six months. Price, nightgown 11/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra; matinee jacket 7/9, postage 9d. extra; set complete 19/3, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 203—JACKET BLOUSE

The jacket is cut out ready to make in white pique, with a pocket design clearly traced ready to embroider. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 18/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, 20/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 204—THREE BIBS

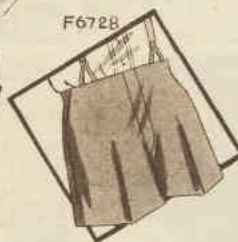
The bibs are clearly traced ready to embroider on rayon crepe-de-chine, obtainable in white, pale pink, and sky-blue. Price, 1/9 each, postage 3d. extra, or set of three 5/-, postage 6d. extra.

No. 205—LUNCHEON SET

An attractive set clearly traced, ready to embroider, on cream Irish linen and sheer linen in white, pink, blue, and green. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., the plate mat 9in. x 11in., the cup and saucer mat 5in. x 5in., and serviettes 11in. x 11in. Nine-piece set in Irish or sheer linen includes 1 centre, 4 plate and 4 cup and saucer mats, price 16/11; postage and registration 1/9 extra. Serviettes 1/3 each; postage 3d. extra.

Thirteen-piece set in Irish or sheer linen includes 1 centre, 6 plate and 6 cup and saucer mats, price 18/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Serviettes 1/3 each, postage 3d. extra.

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M35a-24

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PERRY MASON

Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective Paul Drake are seeking the murderer of popular Pops O'Lean, who has been shot to death near his filling station. When waitress Cricket, who, with her brother Tommy, was adopted by Pops, is run over, they tell Tommy, who is a suspect and is hiding out. Tommy says he is innocent, but gives false information.



The beach? Why yes!
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AND THAT, all over the world, is just what hundreds of thousands of enlightened girls are saying. In a recent survey of 900 American gynecologists and obstetricians, 4 out of 5 doctors report it is safe to swim on "those days" provided the water is not cold. But whether you want to laze on the beach or actually swim, you should use Meds.

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Medical evidence shows that any normal, fully-grown girl can wear Meds. You too can learn how to be free, happy—how to be YOU—on those days. "Next time" try Meds and learn for yourself the wonderful secrets of internal sanitary protection. Buy a packet now and be ready.



Should you want further information on Meds tampons, cut out and post the coupon below to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet.

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Here's an idea



USED COSMETIC JARS make an inexpensive and useful set of containers for a girl's dressing-table. Label the jars and decorate them with painted flowers or floral transfers.

Here are some clever and helpful ideas from Miss Precious Minutes.

A DRAWING - PIN pushed into the heel of a shoe serves as a good emergency protector until the heels are repaired.

TO keep a picture in alignment, first hang it face to the wall, then twist it around without removing it from the hook. This will put a kink in the wire and keep the picture hanging straight.

SMALL pieces of cork placed in a float-bowl will hold light blooms like frangipani in position and above the water.

A PAPER BAG taped on the side or end of the sewing-machine is a handy receptacle for threads and scraps of material and will save time when cleaning up.

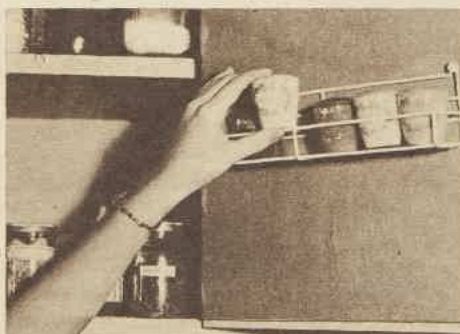
CUT several thicknesses of paper at a time for lining cabinet drawers. When the top paper is soiled, slip it out and expose the fresh underneath lining.



HOUSEHOLD-SIZE funnel nailed to a cupboard door is a convenient holder for a ball of string.

WHEN using buttons that will not wash, sew one side of a patent fastener to the frock and the other to the back of the button. Buttons can then be taken off before the frock is laundered.

TO grow ivy indoors in water successfully, add a piece of charcoal to the water.



TOP SPACE of a deep storage shelf can be used for small spice jars by fixing a wire or wooden rack on a corresponding level of the door.

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READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4038, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"I did"



says John Rasey

"and oh boy — was it good!"

CAUGHT IN THE ACT! How did this come about? Elizabeth Cooke had a bright idea. "I want more men to try my Kraft Cheddar main-course dishes," she said. "Let's invite a man to sample my dishes after they are photographed. Then he can tell other men how good they are." So John Rasey of Wattletree Road, Malvern, Victoria, did just that! He said: "I had no idea cooked cheese dishes could be so delicious and satisfying! Meals like that will do me any day! That 'Savoury Pie' is something men will really go for!"

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6 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheddar; 1½ cups brown breadcrumbs; 1½ cups white breadcrumbs; 1½ ozs. shortening; 3 eggs; 3 tomatoes; 1 large onion; salt and pepper. Melt shortening, add finely chopped onion and sliced tomatoes, cook for 10 minutes. Add Cheddar, breadcrumbs, well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper. Place in greased pie-dish and bake in moderate oven (375°) for 30 minutes. Nourishing treat for a family of 6.



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*Any recipe which calls for "cheese" is always better when you use Kraft Cheddar.

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BAKED in a Saucepan..

By
OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS

• Small joints and cheaper cuts of meat respond well to long, slow cooking in a heavy saucepan on top of the stove. No flavor escapes and the result is a tender, juicy pot-roast you will be proud to serve your family.

IN spite of the comparatively long cooking time needed for it, pot-roasting saves fuel because only one jet or hotplate is used.

Preliminary browning in a small quantity of fat—an important step in cooking a pot-roast—should be done very slowly. Joints weighing 2½ to 3½ lb. take from 1½ to 2½ hours to brown thoroughly.

After the joint has been browned a small quantity of water is added to the fat and the joint continues to cook very gently in the fat-water mixture in a tightly lidded, heavy pan.

Whether the joint is large or small, frequent turning is necessary to ensure even cooking.

For large joints, which need from 3 to 3½ hours' cooking time, it may be necessary to add extra water when the joint is about half-cooked. Extra water may be needed for small joints, too, if the saucepan lid does not fit tightly enough to prevent steam escaping.

A heavy saucepan is best for pot-roasting, but a light one may be used if an asbestos mat is placed under it after the meat has been browned.

As an alternative to using an asbestos mat when roasting in a light saucepan, place the meat on a rack which you can improvise with four thick skewers.

To make the rack, put two skewers on the bottom of the saucepan, and another two across them at right angles.

Cooking time varies with the size of the joint. Generally speaking, allow 40 to 45 minutes per pound. Joints with a bone take a shorter time than those without a bone.

Potatoes, onions, and carrots may be placed in the saucepan about 45 or 50 minutes before the meat is due to be cooked.

To brown the vegetables you may have to cook them quickly in the open pan for 5 to 10 minutes, after removing the meat, and after the water has evaporated.

The drippings in the pan will make a delicious brown gravy, with the addition of flour, seasoning, and water.

All spoon measurements for the recipes which follow are level.

APRICOT POT-ROAST

(See color photograph)

Three to 3½ pounds topside steak cut in one piece, sufficient melted fat to barely cover bottom of heavy saucepan, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 sliced, peeled onion, 2 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup diced celery, ½ cup dried apricots, extra 1-3rd cup water or stock.

coals, extra 1-3rd cup water or stock.

Brown meat thoroughly on all sides in melted fat. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper each time meat is turned. Add onion, water, lemon rind, and celery. Cover closely, cook gently 1½ to 2½ hours. Add soaked apricots (washed and soaked overnight) and extra water. Cook 40 to 50 minutes longer. Thicken gravy in saucepan, adding extra water or stock after lifting meat and apricots on to hot serving-dish. Potatoes and pumpkin may be cooked in the saucepan, adding

them at the same time as the apricots. When meat and apricots are removed, it may be necessary to evaporate water and brown vegetables in the open saucepan before adding extra water or stock and making gravy.

SAVORY LAMB POT-ROAST

Half a leg of lamb, or mutton or hogget, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons chutney, 2 tablespoons water, 2 dessertspoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons tomato puree, blended flour to thicken gravy.

DRIED APRICOTS, celery, and onions give a piquant flavor to this joint of topside steak cooked to a moist, delicious tenderness on top of the stove. Potatoes, pumpkin, and peas are the accompanying vegetables for the roast.

Trim meat and wipe with a clean, damp cloth. Rub flour into surface of joint. Brown joint slowly on all sides in hot fat in heavy saucepan—this takes about 15 minutes. Drain off all but 1 tablespoon of the fat (a certain amount will have melted out of the joint). Add chutney, water, sauce, sugar, vinegar, and tomato puree well mixed together. Cover pan closely, place on asbestos mat (particularly if saucepan is light). Simmer gently about 2 hours, according to size of joint.

Turn meat several times during cooking and baste with the gravy every 20 minutes. Lift meat on to hot serving-dish, thicken gravy with blended flour; serve in gravy-boat.

FLAVOR NOTES

Curry pot-roast: After browning joint sprinkle with 2 dessertspoons curry powder mixed with ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, pepper.

Spicy pot-roast: Before browning rub meat thoroughly with 1 tablespoon flour mixed with 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg.



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Saves you Money



with mountains of
thicker, richer SUDS
for whites, coloureds, dishes

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BLESSINGS! RINSO KEEPS COLOURED
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AND 15 DOZEN BARBER'S TOWELS
A WEEK, I'M CHANGING TO THE
BIG ECONOMY SIZE. I'M PROUD
OF MY SNOWY-WHITE
RINSO WASH

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SAVING PACKET. RINSO MAKES
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THE DISHES FAIRLY SHINE
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Buy 2 packets at a time
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JELLIED PEAR FLAN is a simple but delicious dessert.
Decorate with piped whipped cream and sprinkle the cream
with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon.
See recipe this page.

Recipe prizes

Pear and lemon jelly flavored with
sherry and cinnamon make the filling for
the attractive flan which wins this week's
main prize of £5.

WHETHER it's a cold
or a hot day, family
and guests will enjoy this
tempting sweet, which is
decorated with cream or
ice-cream.

A new and interesting
sausage meat dish and fish
flapjacks flavored with lemon
and parsley win consolation
prizes.

All spoon measurements
are level.

JELLIED PEAR FLAN

Pastry: Five ounces self-
raising flour, 1oz. cornflour,
pinch salt, 2oz. sugar, 3oz.
shortening, 1 egg, 1 or 2 table-
spoons milk.

Filling: Four or 5 pears, 1
packet lemon jelly crystals,
3 tablespoons sherry, pinch
cinnamon.

Prepare pastry. Sift flour,
cornflour, and salt, rub in
shortening. Add sugar, mix to
stiff dough with beaten egg,
adding milk if necessary. Knead
lightly on floured board. Roll
thinly, line 8in. or 9in. tart-plate.
Prick with fork, pinch frill, bake in hot
oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool.
Peel, halve, and core pears.
Cook in usual way. Drain.
To syrup from pears add
sherry and cinnamon, simmer
5 minutes. Measure, make up
to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint with water if neces-
sary and use to dissolve lemon
jelly. Arrange pears in pastry-
case. When jelly is beginning
to thicken, pour over pears.
Chill. Decorate with cream
or ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. V.
M. McIvor, Smiths' Estate,
Stafford, Brisbane.



SAUSAGE CASSOLETTES

One pound sausage-meat, 2
eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, salt and
pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped
onion, 2 tablespoons chopped
bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped
parsley, tomato slices, grated
cheese and parsley to garnish.

Cook bacon with half the
onion in pan until tender but
not brown. Remove, add to
beaten eggs. Add milk, salt
and pepper to taste, and pars-
ley. Cook balance of onion
in bacon fat left in pan. Add
to sausage-meat, season with
salt and pepper, mix well. Line
greased ramekins with sausage-
meat nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Fill
with savory custard mixture.
Bake in moderate oven 30 to
35 minutes. Drain off excess
fat. Place tomato slices on
top, sprinkle with grated
cheese. Return to oven until
cheese is melted and lightly
brown. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. D. C. McCallum, 94
Hubble St., Fremantle, W.A.

FISH FLAPJACKS

Four tablespoons self-raising
flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup
flaked cooked or tinned fish,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind,
1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1
tablespoon chopped parsley, 1
dessertspoon melted shortening,
2 tablespoons milk, salt
and pepper, extra shortening.

Sift flour and salt. Add
beaten egg, fish, lemon rind
and juice, parsley, shortening,
and milk. Season with salt
and pepper, mix well. Cook a
tablespoonful at a time on hot
greased griddle-iron or in
heavy frying-pan as for pan-
cakes. Turn to brown. Serve
hot with lemon
and parsley.

Consolation
Prize of £1 to
Mrs. E. W. Alsop,
15 Rogers St.,
Goodwood Park,
S.A.

SAUSAGE casso-
lettes can be
served as an en-
tire or with vege-
tables for lun-
cheon. See the
consolation prize-
winning recipe on
this page.

"I'm in the pink, thanks!"



"Got nothing on at the
moment, so I'll give you the
bare facts of how I keep
in shape. Vegemite, boys and
girls! There's nothing like
Vegemite for tuning you up
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feel the same." Mrs. M. John-
son, Moodemere Street, Noble
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Page 51

Fond of **CREAM CHEESE?** Here's the **MOST DELICIOUS** you ever tasted!

Here's a superb cream cheese, made the way it should be made... mild, full-bodied, creamy! Try it today! Buy all five exciting Kraft Spreads. So handy for sandwiches and savouries!



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8 different colors!



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KRAFT SMOKAY
... sweet wood-smoke and golden cheddar.



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... mellow full-flavoured cheddar.



KRAFT GORGONZOLA
... rich, tasty and tempting!



KRAFT SANDWICH RELISH
... gherkins 'n' spice in a creamy-smooth spread.

5 delicious SPREADS—all made by KRAFT.

Easter egg cosies



EASTER EGG COVER crocheted in the shape of a tiny chick will keep eggs hot for late-comers and make a novel and practical gift. Directions are on this page.

A SET of chicken egg cosies made in simple crochet will brighten Easter breakfast tables.

Here are the directions for making:

Materials: One ball "Twin-Prufe" Mothproof and Shrinkproof Baby Wool, shade No. 1075, white; 1 skein "Twin-Prufe" Mothproof and Shrinkproof crochet wool, shade No. 2138, red (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 No. 00 steel crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; l.tr., long treble.

Wind wool into 2 balls and use double throughout.

Using wool double crochet 23 ch.

1st Row: Miss 1 st., 1 d.c. into each of rem. 22 sts., 1 ch. to turn.

Rep. 1st row twice.
4th Row: * Wind wool around finger to make a loop, then 1 d.c. into next st.; rep. from * to end, 1 ch. to turn.

5th Row: Work d.c. into each st., 1 ch. to turn.

Rep. 4th and 5th rows 3 times.

Work 6 rows d.c.

Next Row: Work d.c. into 1st 9 sts., 1 ch. to turn.

Rep. the last row 5 more times. Fasten off. Work another piece the same and stitch together.

TAIL.

Crochet 15 ch., join and work 3 rows d.c., working twice into the 7th, 8th, and 9th sts. of every row. Stitch to body.

COMB

Using red wool pick up about 21 sts. along the head, 1 ch. to turn; * 1 d.c. into first st., 2 tr. into each of the next 2 sts., 2 l.tr. into next st., 2 tr. into each of the next 2 sts., 1 d.c. into next st.; rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Work eyes in black. Use either a sharpened match or toothpick for beak.

A LOOPED stitch is used to give the crocheted chick a feathered appearance. It has a red comb, tiny wooden beak, and small black eyes.



Early character training

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SOME mothers are so absorbed in ensuring healthy bodies for their babies that they overlook the fact that character training should also start in infancy.

The first two years of a baby's life are the most formative. In this important period a child learns more than he will ever learn again in the same space of time.

At two a child has formed many habits. Whether they are good or bad will depend

on the training given by the mother.

A regular daily routine is one of the first things that should be established for a baby. For each good habit of eating and sleeping there is an opposite bad habit.

A leaflet dealing with habit formation and baby's mental health can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.

The new Twin-Prufe Knitting Books are available from retailers and newsagents. Or write direct to Knitting Book Dept., F. W. Hughes Industries Ltd., 24 Grosvenor Street, Sydney—price 1/- (posted 1/3). Post coupon now for free guide to 1952 Twin-Prufe styles



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(IF WASHED AS A WOOLLEN.)

Twin-Prufe knitting wool is guaranteed mothproof and shrinkproof. No other wool will preserve knitted so long—no other wool is so beautiful, so pliable, so easy-to-handle. Above you see one of the really lovely styles from the new Twin-Prufe Knitting Book, series 144—perfect for cool days, destined for years and years of wear.

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GUARANTEED MOTHPROOF AND SHRINKPROOF

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Women trust 'Dettol' because they have seen doctors and nurses use it. 'Dettol' is deadly to germs but gentle to human tissue. It does not pain or stain and is an effective deodorant.



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EXTERIOR of Mr. and Mrs. W. Worboys' house at Avalon, N.S.W., shows the wide front terrace with the protecting roof projection. The house was built as a two-story to get full advantage of the surrounding views. The outer walls of the lower section are to be cement rendered and color washed. The large area adjoining the garage eventually will be a rumpus room. The terrace railing is painted white, and the door and window frames are trimmed with pale blue.

House has panoramic view

BUILT on the ridge between Bilgola and Avalon beaches, N.S.W., the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Worboys has extensive views of coastline, beaches, bays, and hills. Designed by Warwick Kells, the house, which has a timber frame on a brick base, was built as a two-story to give uninterrupted views of the beautiful coastline.

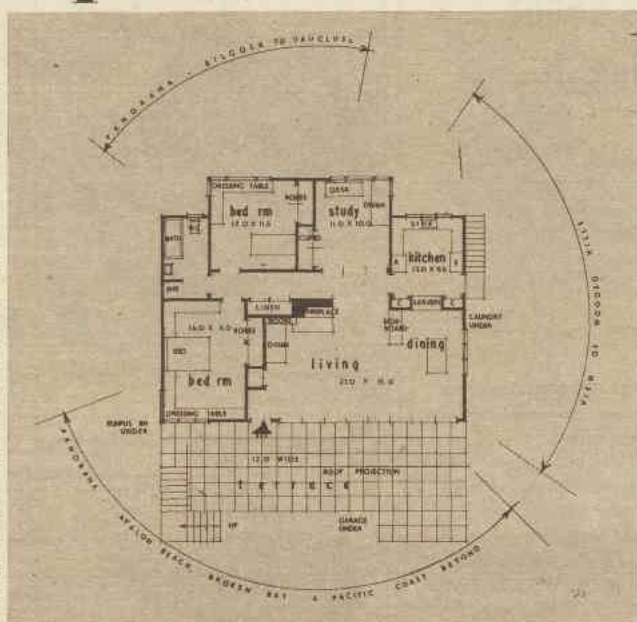
On the lower floor are a rumpus room, not yet finished, the garage, and laundry. Built-in furniture is a prominent feature of the house. In the main bedroom all the furniture, even the divan-type bed, is built-in.

The study on the southern side has been designed as a dual-purpose room. A folding wall allows it to be used as an extension to the living space or the wall may be closed to make an extra bedroom.

On the main floor most of the front northern wall is glass and opens on to a 12ft. wide cantilevered terrace. A wide projection from the roof protects this terrace and shades the living-room and front bedroom from direct sunshine in summer.

In the living-room the walls and floor are cypress pine waxed to bring up the knotty grain. To harmonise with the natural wood finish the fireplace was made of rough stone. Against this background Mrs. Worboys has used off-white cotton furnishing fabrics patterned with sharp contrasts of tan, yellow, and grey.

The windows in all the rooms have side drapes and shallow pelmets so that none of the view is closed out.



PLAN of Mr. and Mrs. Worboys' home. Sliding glass doors have been used in the front of the house. The southern walls are fitted with wide fixed-glass windows to withstand the more boisterous weather from that quarter.



COLONIAL-STYLE FURNITURE has been used for the dining area in the living-room. The shelf-lined servery opens into the kitchen. Simple side drapes and narrow pelmets frame the windows.



MAIN BEDROOM. Built-in furniture is a feature of this room. The walls are painted in a soft mauve-blue tone with the woodwork in a deeper tone. Patterned floral window drapes and bedspread provide pleasant contrasts.

"We all keep well on baby's medicine"

— says Mrs. E. H. of Toorak, Vic.



Dad, Mum and Junior — they ALL like Laxettes, the delicious chocolate laxative.

EVERYONE LIKES LAXETTES

— the smooth-laxative.

Medicine's a treat! — when it's Laxettes. A Laxette is simply a square of fine chocolate . . . but it contains an exact dose of phenolphthalein, the tasteless laxative that makes you better in the morning — with no griping and no possibility of overdosing or forming a habit.

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Out of the blue comes the whitest wash.

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MAKES WHITE CLOTHES REALLY WHITE

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NEAR THE TOP OF THE NEXT TREE, MANDRAKE SEES A CRUDE HUT, LIKE A HUGE SQUIRREL'S NEST, MADE OF WOVEN STICKS. PEERING OUT ARE TWO FACES--THEY LOOK CURIOUSLY AT HIM...



THEY COME OUT OF THE NEST-LIKE HUT, AND RACE OVER THE TREETOPS TOWARDS HIM, RUNNING ON PARALLEL VINES, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE EARTH. THEY WEAR A CURIOUS COSTUME THAT HE CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT...



BUT HE CAN MAKE OUT THE LONG SHARP KNIVES IN THEIR HANDS! HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER. ARE THEY FRIENDLY OR NOT? WILL HE HAVE TIME TO FIND OUT? HE ASKS HIMSELF.



THE STRANGE TREE DWELLERS FREE MANDRAKE FROM THE NET TRAP. HE WATCHES ALERTLY, BUT THEY DO HIM NO HARM.



THEY SQUAT ON A NEARBY BRANCH A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND AND DISCUSS HIM IN A STRANGE JABBER.



SUDDENLY, ONE OF THEM DIVES INTO THE AIR, GLIDING LIKE A GIANT BAT--OR A FLYING SQUIRREL--AND MANDRAKE SEES THE PURPOSE OF THE ODD WING-LIKE COSTUMES!



MANDRAKE HAS TIME TO SURVEY THE TREETOP WORLD. CERTAINLY ONE OF THE STRANGEST VILLAGES ON EARTH. THE NATIVES MOVE FEARLESSLY AT THIS GREAT HEIGHT...



WOMEN COOKING, CHILDREN PLAYING, BABIES CRYING. MEN SLEEPING--UNCONCERNED AS A STRONG WIND SWAYS THEIR TREETOP HOMES. LIKE HUMAN SQUIRRELS, THINKS MANDRAKE. HE WAITS, CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN--



TO BE CONTINUED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 26, 1952

Inner cleanliness puts a

SPARKLE

in your life!

There's more zest to enjoyment when you're fit and blooming with health, so start your day with bracing Andrews! It refreshes and invigorates the whole system, acting in these four ways—

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets.

THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY: To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the system and thus purifies the blood.



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ANDREWS



the gentle laxative
that ensures
INNER CLEANLINESS

Warming Extra Blood Flow brings Quick relief from

BRUISES & SPRAINS

There's no quicker relief from pain than Sloan's Liniment. Sloan's induces a comforting, pain-relieving warmth by stimulating the circulation. Inflammation is quickly eased and difficulty of movement vanishes. Keep a bottle always handy

and be ready to relieve the hundred and one little hurts that happen about the house and garden. Even severe muscular pains and joint aches respond to the soothing tingle of a dab of Sloan's. Simply pat the sore spot with a little Sloan's — no rubbing, no massaging — and you'll be amazed how quickly it brings relief from pain.



SLOAN'S
FAMILY LINIMENT
AT ALL CHEMISTS

ONLY
2/9
A BOTTLE



CUFFS, COLLAR, AND BASQUE knitted in the main color of the plaid material are a smart trim for this blouse. Directions for making the blouse and matching beret are given below.

Blouse and beret set for autumn

A plaid blouse with knitted cuffs, collar, and basque and matching beret is a jaunty teenager's outfit for cooler days.

THE blouse has a zip-front opening and is cut on the new season's line with emphasis on the sleeves.

Here are the directions for making the blouse and beret:

Materials: 1 yd. 54-in. material; 2 oz. 3-ply knitting wool; 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 6 in. zip-fastener; 1 yd. bias binding; 1 yd. silk lining; 1 yd. leno for stiffening.

Measurements of Finished Garment: Length of blouse, 18½ in.; length of sleeve seam, 14 in. (to fit 34-36 in. bust).

The blouse

Front Basque: Cast on 100 sts. and work in k 2, p 2 rib for 4 in. Cast off. Knit the back basque in the same way.

Cuffs (knit 2): Cast on 76 sts. and work 3 in. in rib. Cast off.

Collar: Cast on 142 sts. and work in rib for 3 in. Cast off.

Make patterns for back and front as shown in the diagram. The back neck and shoulder are shown by the dotted line. Half-inch turnings are allowed on the pattern except at the neck, where ½ in. turnings are allowed.

There are only two parts to the blouse, and the back and front are cut alike except for

the neck and shoulder line. Place patterns on material and cut out.

Tack a strip of material 2½ in. by 7 in. to centre front neck on right side. Tack-mark the position of the zip-fastener, then machine round this mark ½ in. away on each side. Remove tacking, cut slit between the machine-stitching, turn through to wrong side and sew down.

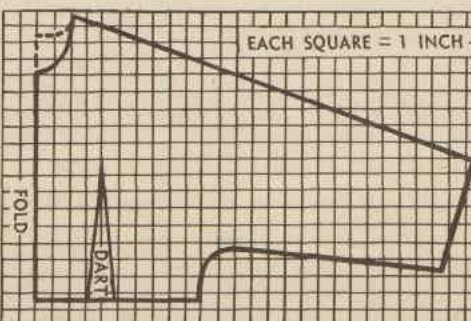
Sew in zip. Join shoulder seams. Face neck with bias binding. Make two ½ in. darts at waist on back and front. Join side seams. Make a single turning on waist edge and edge of sleeves. Neaten all seams on wrong side by overcasting. Press seams. Sew on knitted collar, cuffs, and basques.

The beret

For the top, cut a circular piece of material, 12 in. across. The underpart is a matching piece, with a 6 in. circle cut away from the centre.

Line and stiffen the top. Join the top to the lower part round the outside edge on the wrong side. Bind the head with a strip of material 2½ in. wide and the length of the head measurement.

Make a woollen pompon and sew to the centre of crown.



SIMPLE DIAGRAM pattern for the blouse. To cut the front, follow the solid lines. When cutting the back, follow the dotted lines for shaping the neck and shoulder.

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...others do!



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disappear with

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CHILLS v. THRILLS



Frank Burns, watchman-guard, of Metropolitan Night Patrol Service, Melbourne, knows every door and window, lock and burglar alarm on his beat. "Still," admits Frank, "the job holds more chills than thrills. Most nights are cold and lonely, and it's then that a hot, bracing cup of Bonox sees you through till daylight. Bonox is a grand drink — peps you up and breaks nervous tension. I've depended upon it for years." Bonox can help you, too. Bonox beats fatigue, keeps you alert, on the peak of efficiency. An all-beef extract, pure, nourishing, and delicious, Bonox is the all-weather pick-me-up. Drink Bonox every day for a 1-1-f-1, and to keep your head above the 'flu line! Made by Kraft.

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buttered
never
bettered*

*But-try
them by
themselves*

only
Arnotts
make
Sao (REGD.)* Biscuits

* The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd. in 1906, is now a household word for crisp cracker biscuits throughout Australia and beyond.
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